REFLECTOR

1930 JUNE ISSUE

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REFLECTOR

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Published by the Students of the Weymouth High School
Weymouth, Massachusetts

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Business Manager—Karl Gardner

Faculty Adviser—P. B. Brown

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Instructor—Harry F. Duncan

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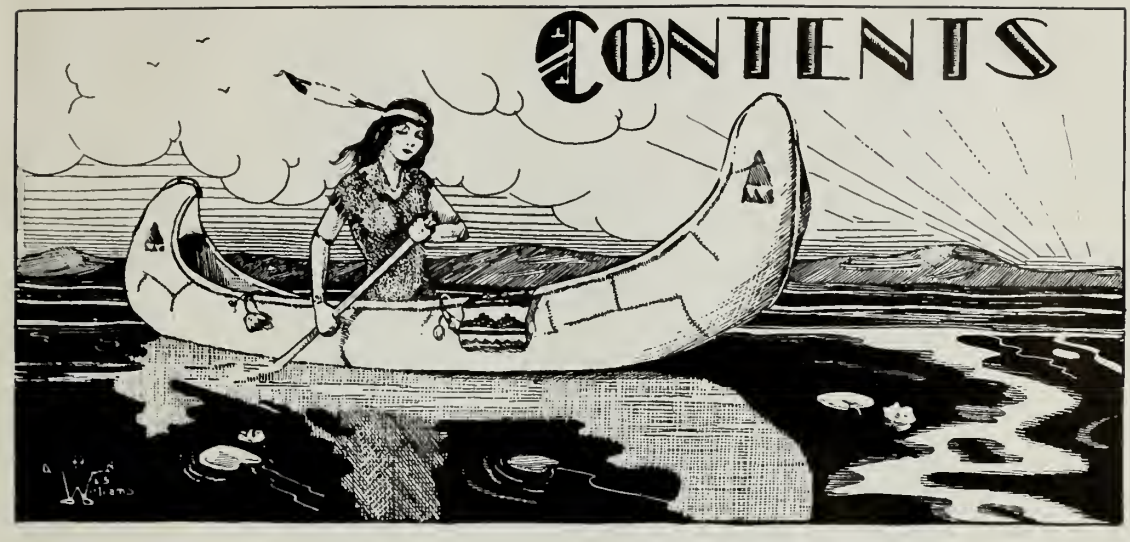

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OUR FACULTY

Weymouth High School Faculty

PARKER T. PEARSON, *Superintendent*

F. W. HILTON, *Principal*

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Row V—Left to Right: Prescott B. Brown, English, History; Wallace L. Whittle, Science; John T. Gannon, Jr., History, Latin, Science; Lewis H. Bacon, Jr., Auto Mechanics; Louis Whitford, Carpentry; Francis E. Whipple, Jr., Director; Jalmar N. Nelson, Woodworking, Mathematics; Clarence R. Lyond, Mathematics, Science; Everett N. Hollis, Commercial.

Vocational School Building

Original High School Building

Chronological History of Weymouth High School

1853—Established in Town Hall at Middle and Washington Streets. Joseph Dow, instructor.

1854—Moved after first five months, in J. G. Roger's Hall, changed to Weymouth Landing. Jonathan C. Brown, instructor.

1855—Provisions made for opening a permanent High School in East Weymouth. S. S. Marston, instructor.

1855—School moved to North Weymouth, because of crowded conditions. Loring Johnson, instructor.

1860—Second term of "North Weymouth High School," (the present Adams School).

1864—Two high schools in North and South Weymouth.

1876—"North Weymouth High School" moved to Tremont Street, Weymouth Landing.

1876—"South Weymouth High School" moved to vestry of Universalist Church, Pleasant Street, later to Roger's Hall.

1897—At town meeting, $50,000 appropriated for a high school building on Middle Street.

1898—First class entered new school.

1898-1904—Edmund J. Bugbee appointed principal.

1904-1910—Edwin P. Sampson, principal.

1910—Frederick W. Hilton, principal.

1924—Freshman wing opened for inspection.

1924—Vocational School building started.

1928—Junior High School wing.

1929—Amphitheatre started.

1929—Legion Park started.

1930—Memorial Wall completed.

1930—Memorial Cross completed.

Chronological History of the Trade School

1916 An Agricultural course introduced into High School.

1924 Courses in carpentry, cabinet making, woodworking for boys and in practical arts for girls introduced.

1925 A printing course added.

1926 Industrial School Building built. Shoemaking course added.

1927 Course in automobile repairing introduced.

1929 Separated from the High School. Mr. Francis Whipple appointed as director.

Shop Views

✣

Weymouth Vocational School

East Weymouth, Mass.

Photographs present an idea of what the boys are doing in the school shops.

Three year courses are offered in Automobile Repair, Carpentry, Printing and Shoemaking.

Left to Right. Front Row—Constance Nash, Margaret DeBoer, Wesley Williams, William Washburn, Iona Seach, Prescott B. Brown, Karl Gardner, Edwin Thomas, Sue Harper, Evelyn Howland.

Second Row—Frank Soule, Myrtle Pray, Elizabeth Freeth, Mae Raymond, Dorothy Pearson, Arthur Garland, Martin Mahoney.

Third Row—Josephine Caruso, Ruth Ogren, Louise Sawler, Barbara Libbey, Phyllis Clark

Reflector Staff 1929-1930

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ARTHUR GARLAND '30

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RUTH OGREN '30
FRANK SOULE '30

CONSTANCE NASH '31
ALFRED DENLY '30

Faculty Adviser
P. B. BROWN

Contributions Printed in the Reflector 1929-1930

(Not including this issue)

'30

R. Burnett
"Auto Mechanics"—January
William Curtin
"The Mystery"—March
Margaret De Boer
"Mademoiselle Butterfly"—January
"Comus"—March

'31

Benj. Elkington
"My Visit to the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky"—March
Charles French
"The Black Albatross"—January
"Guess Who"—March
D. Gaffney
"A Four Act Comedy"—November
Karl Gardner
"Latest Invention — Protection Against Wives"—November
"Misuses of the Telephone"—November
Arthur Garland
"A Rolling Stone"—January
"Is Our Past Ahead of Us?"—March
Muriel Golby
"Julius Caesar"—March
R. A. Hayward
"The New Neighbors"—March
Edward Higgins
"Dye, Dyed, Dead"—January

'30

Evelyn Howland
"Buddy's Ride"—March
R. Kibbey
"Strange Quest"—January
Mae Raymond
"Human Driftwood"—January
Ruth Reed
"The Telling of the Tale"—March
"Poppies"—November
Harold Rudolph
"The Carpentry Department"
Catherine Smith
"History Repeats Itself"—January
Elsie Stub
"How Do You Mean—Thanksgiving?"
"De Gustibus"—December
"The Renaissance of Annie"—January
"O'Henry Sees A Doctor"—March
Wilbur Tirrell
"Study Room Etiquette"—November
Wesley Williams
"Old Man Noah"—November
"Speaking of Sleeping"—January
"Whatever Goes Up Must Come Down"—March

'31

W. Cushing
"The McNutts Swear Off"—January
Fred Croto
"The Printers Take A Trip"—March
Marjorie Didion
"Fate, or My Descent to the Underworld"—January
Myrtle Pray
"My Visitor"—November
"A Certain Pretty Junior"—December
"Hot Air"—March

'32

Marjorie Cass
"A Case of Mistaken Identity"—November
Russell Dexheimer
"The Lawrence Airport Mystery" —
I. Smith
"Thanksgiving Day"—November
Gertrude Tirrell
"The Hard Part of English"—January
Doris Upton '33
"More Precious"—March
"Me and My Friend Sid"—November

'33

Richard Byrne
"Yellowness or Nerve"—November
Carol Seach
"Seniors"—November
"Yourself and Nobody Else"—January

J. H. S.

Lucille Chandler
"Autumn Sunset"—November
Pauline Frazier
"The Pirate"—November
John Newton
"Smiles"—January
"Twilight"—March
Martin Rinaldi
"To the Sea"—March
"The Albatross"—November
Marjorie Ward
"November"—November

Class Officers

Operetta Principals

Class Motto

"Rejoice, We Conquer"

Class Colors

Blue and Gold

Class Ode

"Rejoice, we conquer!" is our cry,
Flung as a challenge to the sky.
Behind us Youth's courageous flight,
Before us Life's inspiring light.
A new-born day, yet in its pale,
Awaits the test; we shall not fail
To sow the seed of honesty,
And triumph o'er adversity.
"Rejoice, we conquer!"

Along the path of mystery,
As Heaven guides our destiny,
We then must strive to set the pace
For future leaders of our race.
And, when beset by toil and strife,
Remember ye that God is life.
And He will hear our pleas on high.
Recipients of His grace, we'll cry,
"Rejoice, we conquer!"

Mae Raymond

Four Year Honor Roll

MARY DI LORENZO
ISABEL ANNA HAWLEY
RUTH BELLA REED
IONA JESSIE SEACH

Salutatory Address

"FORWARD LET US RANGE"

Ruth Bella Reed

Welcome! We, the class of 1930, cordially welcome you who are gathered here today. Some think of this as graduation; others, as commencement. Graduation brings with it the thought of something completed. And while it is satisfying to have completed a journey, yet we feel a tinge of sadness at the end of any road. So let us think of this as commencement, the glorious beginning of another flight, ourselves piloting our ships through the blue.

Mothers and fathers, and those dearest to us, we welcome you. Our School Board, our Superintendent of Schools, and our Principal, who have coöperated in the development of our splendid schools, we extend to you our greetings. And to you who have been the pioneer rangers guiding us, by your blazed trails, through the wilderness of studies to the world of knowledge, our teachers, greetings.

What a wealth of surprises, joys, and sorrows we can understand in the one word *greetings*. All through life we face new tasks, greet new situations. From the Stone Age and Eolithic man to the present day of the airplane and the radio, from a lower order to a higher order, by whatever theory you will, man has developed. Through the ages man has greeted new things. Through the past three hundred years, even, great changes have come about.

In the year 1620, after the Plymouth Company had made three futile attempts to establish a colony, the Mayflower landed a small group of determined Pilgrims on the "stern and rockbound coast" of Cape Cod. And in the Mayflower Compact, signed in the cabin of the little ship whose name it bears, Massachusetts had her beginnings, the first instance of complete self-government in the New World. Sufferings and privations almost beyond the power of human endurance fell to the lot of the brave colonists; but their efforts were rewarded. Eight years later John Endicott and three hundred others founded at Salem a colony which they called the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Meanwhile, the Reverend William Blackstone had come to Wessagusset, in September, 1623, with the Robert Gorges Company. Two years later he had removed to Shawmut, now Boston. In the year 1630 Governor Winthrop brought fifteen hundred colonists to the shores of Boston Harbor. While he was searching for fresh water, he found Mr. Blackstone, the only white inhabitant of Shawmut, sitting by his spring and accepted his invitation to settle with him in Shawmut. From that time on, Massachusetts grew rapidly. It became an integral factor in the history of the United States. Behold Massachusetts today and see what the last three hundred years have brought!

What will the next three hundred bring? When our posterity prepare for the six hundredth anniversary of the founding of our state, will they look back on us as we do on our Pilgrim and Puritan ancestors,—with profound respect and yet with a little pity? Will they wonder how we managed to eke out a livelihood in this undeveloped age? Will they think us narrow-minded and say that Russia was ahead of her age? Exactly what will come to pass, only time can tell. But what do we wish the next three hundred years to bring?

This calls for a long stretch of the imagination. That length of time may be sufficient to produce our ideal world, a world in which science will have made such rapid strides that we shall know what electricity is; and that Einstein's theory will be taught in high schools. We wish Boston still to be the Hub. Under her patronage we would have a second Augustan Age—the golden age of literature in the New World. To effect this, we must have an even more liberal educational system. But above all, we would have brotherhood. It was after the Revolution that the colonists learned they could not survive independently. They had worked together to obtain their freedom; they continued working together to keep it. Every year we are realizing to a greater degree what world brotherhood would mean. Edwin Markham must have had this in mind when he wrote,

"There is a destiny that makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone."

In the next three centuries we hope, too, for

the condition of perfect peace which we have recently been trying so earnestly to obtain and which can come only when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

But, friends, what the years will bring depends upon us. By our building today, although we may not finish the structure, we influence its architecture. The foundations of the structure of Massachusetts in 2230 have already been laid by eight generations of our ancestors. We must carry on the construction. If our bit be faulty, how can our posterity be built firmly? The future depends upon us, upon our ideals.

A new order of society is in the making. A few generations ago there was little time for the niceties of life; people were too busy with their practical affairs. But now, we are beginning to have more leisure. Bruce Barton says: "Another generation will not have as its heroes either soldiers or captains of industry. It will give its praise to those men and women, who, inheriting larger leisure, develop the technique of thoughtfulness and practise kindness as an art."

. . . . . .

In the year 490 B. C. the Persians threatened Athens and bade that queenly city offer slaves' tribute to Persia. The Athenians, hard-pressed, sent Pheidippides, their fleetest runner, to Sparta for aid. But the Spartans, because of an ancient superstition, refused. On his return, Pheidippides met the god Pan in the forest. Pan promised aid to Athens, and, as a reward to Pheidippides, release from the racer's toil. The runner returned to Athens bearing this message. In the battle of Marathon, which followed, Athens was victorious. Once again Pheidippides ran, this time to the Acropolis, with shouts of joy on his lips. But breath served him only to say, "Rejoice, we conquer!" Pan had kept his word; Pheidippides' reward—immortality.

. . . . . .

When we shall have been as noble mothers and fathers, as wise teachers, to our children, as ours have been to us; when we shall have contributed our best toward the progress of the next three hundred years, we, too, may say, "Rejoice, we conquer!"

Valedictory Address

TREASURE

Iona Jessie Seach

Pirate gold! In every mind rises a picture of grim corsairs. There is the long tropical beach of golden sand overcast by the shadows of cocoanut palms. The smiling sea stretches outward to eternity on every side—but hush! Winding stealthily through the palm grove, comes a tram of strange men bearing upon their shoulders a huge, brass-bound oaken chest. They set it down carefully on the beach, and immediately begin to dig a deep hole under the direction of a fierce buccaneer, who appears to be their captain. He toys with a great horse pistol, and swears lustily as the men begin to sweat in the heat of the noonday sun. At last the chest is lowered into the hole, and buried deep under the shifting sands. The workers mop their brows in relief. But as they turn to find their way back to the lofty ship whose masts are seen topping the trees far to the left, they face—the captain. His lips curl in a scornful smile as he steps forward, a loaded pistol in each hand and two more in his belt. He throws back his dark head and laughs cruelly. Then, still with muttered oath, he fires. One by one they fall, until the small company lies dead about his feet. Then, still laughing fiendishly, he walks away to make his secret map.

The picture fades, but the spirit of adventure remains, stimulated, perhaps, by thoughts of the contents of the brass-bound chest.

Those days are over, and nearly all the pirate gold has been recovered, but there is still great treasure to be found in life. It is hidden, certainly, but finding it usually affords more pleasure than having it.

We shall all go treasure hunting some day. Let us start now to consider the necessities for a successful voyage.

First of all, we shall need to put our whole

heart into the undertaking. The spirit of the old buccaneer is absolutely indispensable. Who can seek treasure properly if he has not an all-consuming desire to feel the gold run through his fingers as he dips his hands into the treasure chest?

We must have confidence, too, confidence in the existence of the treasure, even though we spend years and years in fruitless search. Treasure hunting means long and patient scanning of the horizon for a glimpse of the wave-washed isle that we seek.

Our next most pressing need is, of course, a ship.

Each one of us has partial, if not complete, supervision over his own vessel, and whether or not it is seaworthy when the stresses and strains of the storm break upon it, is largely due to our present engineering methods.

If we build a healthy body now and do not abuse it later, it will certainly stand by us to the end, and carry us safely into port. So let us build our bodies as the builders build their ships, using not sandalwood, but sturdy oak; not silver, but steel, both strong and rugged materials, well-adapted to the rough seas we shall meet. And when our craft is launched, let us sail her skilfully through deep, safe channels, so that she will not be broken upon the rocks nor stranded on the shoals.

Upon the health of our bodies depends the health of our minds. It is difficult to think those "long, long thoughts" when we are feeling sick and weary, and we are not very likely to feel the poetry in blue skies and bright fields when we are perpetually on the brink of the grave.

A clean, happy, healthy mind is an asset of immeasurable value in treasure hunting, for our mind is the captain of our ship, and very often the success of the entire expedition depends upon the sweetness of the leader's disposition. No crew will do its best for a sour, unpleasant captain; so it behooves us to think ever of the sunny seas beyond, even though we are preparing for the inevitable squalls close at hand.

We must be tolerant, too, and impartial, for the most unpromising looking fellow often proves to be our best sailor, and we cannot afford to lose first-class seamen through petty prejudice. Courage, activity, and alertness are also essential in the make-up of an able bodied captain, who can navigate correctly and finally bring the ship to harbor.

Then there is our crew of faithful friends and advisers, who stay by the captain till the ship goes down. Whether the voyage is long or short, they are always ready to haul at the ropes and to work on the sails, and, if the captain is fair with them, they will be honest and fair with him. The type of friends that we attract is largely dependent upon the kind of person we are; so if we wish to be surrounded by jolly, sensible, honest people we must try to develop these characteristics in ourselves.

Now comes a far more delicate consideration—that of capital, a highly desirable thing. It is far easier to sail safely out of the harbor when we have enough to pay a pilot to steer us past the bars, than it is to feel our own way out, although the latter course is possible.

But far more important than our capital is the chart—our pirate map. Our schooling and our books show us where to find Treasure Island and how to get there. The best course is already mapped out for us by those who have sailed before.

The rocks and the reefs are marked clearly upon our chart, and directions for avoiding them are written beneath. Education, whether it is gained by painstaking, individual work, or whether it is given freely by schools and colleges, is almost a necessity for a successful voyage, because it is the only means of securing a faithful chart. A ship without a chart is as useless as if it had no rudder, for, in either case, it must float aimlessly about, going nowhere and finding nothing, until it strikes upon the rocks and founders miserably.

There remains only the code of the sea, which is learned through quiet observation and kind-heartedness rather than through books and colleges.

It is common knowledge that every ship must lend a helping hand to a sister in distress, that derelicts must be towed to shore whenever possible, and that dangerous rocks and reefs must be charted so that others will not blunder upon them. These are duties that cannot be shirked. But there is the jolly camaraderie of the sea—the dipping of the colors as a ship goes by, and the firing of salutes—tiny courtesies, but ones that give courage to the outward bound.

There are legends, too, passed down from time immemorial. We must never kill the sea birds, for they are the souls of dead sailors, and we shall see the Phantom Ship as we round the Cape of Good Hope.

But the code of the sea will come to us as we watch our fellow man and learn to please him.

Now our equipage is complete. Everything has been given to us by kind and loving hands. It is for us now, to navigate carefully and bring our vessel into port.

Mothers and Fathers: We can never repay our debt to you, who have built our ship and helped us to gain our capital and to learn sea-courtesy.

School Committee and Superintendent, Principal and Teachers: We are sincerely grateful to you for our well-trained captain, for our jolly crew, and for the priceless charts you have given us.

We thank you all!!

Classmates: We are now ready to sail out on the high seas of life. We are leaving the harbor on a long treasure-hunt. What that treasure will be cannot yet be told, for each of us seeks a different end, and what is pirate gold to one is mere wood for another. But whatever the treasure we find, it will surely be worth while.

Now our sails are set and our sailors are singing sea chanteys as they merrily weigh the anchor. May we safely reach our destination with fair winds and a calm sea!

Outline of Staff Work for Year

An idea which was more noticeable among the student body was the *student opinion*. This was an advertising "stunt" and resembled a Literary Digest poll. It was found that out of 677 responses, 94% bought the *Reflector*, 97% read it, and 86% preferred the magazine to the news leaflet. The most alarming fact discovered was that only 27% of the school contributed material to the *Reflector*. Preference in the subject matter was expressed as follows:

Mystery Stories	84%	Jokes	87%
Humorous	74%	Crystal Ball	79%
Adventure	59%	School News	77%
Romance	53%	Cartoons	71%
Plays	14%	Athletics	61%
Small Boy Type	13%	Personals	44%

Our sales were helped appreciably by the posters made for the January issue in Miss Wagg's English classes.

Several new columns were introduced and interest was aroused in the Trade School by trade articles. Better sports and more of them were demanded by the *student opinion* and this we have tried to do in the final number. The Crystal Ball was bettered. Although the poetry was not much to speak of, we have had rare good luck with our stories.

Besides the work done, the staff enjoyed themselves at four meetings of the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications—at Middleboro, Holbrook, Hanover, and Milton. We usually had supper at a church, served by the town or troop of Girl Scouts or the girls of the school. Before supper were departmental meetings; after supper were reports and an entertainment—dancing, a play, and the like. There was usually a speaker-of-the-evening, too.

Brief of Senior Class Play

The Annual Senior Class Play, "Come Out of the Kitchen," a comedy in three acts, written by A. E. Thomas, and based on the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller, was held June 6, 1930. It was directed by Flora Haviland McGrath.

"Come Out of the Kitchen" is an amusing story of the adventures of four young Southerners who, in time of poverty, act as servants in their own home.

The cast of characters was:

Olivia Dangerfield, alias Jane Ellen, Anne Halnan; Elizabeth Dangerfield, alias Ariminta, Mary DiLorenzo; Mrs. Falkner, Tucker's sister, Helen O'Halloran; Cora Falkner, her daughter, Christine Blair; Amanda, Olivia's Black Mammy, Margaret DeBoer; Burton Crane, from the North, Joseph Tobin, Thomas Lipperts, statistical poet, Frank Soule; Solon Tucker, Crane's attorney and guest, Francis Kelley; Randolph Weeks, Agent of the Dangerfield's, Melvin Sherman.

The stage manager was Ralph Hayward; assistant stage manager, Warner Abbott; property men, E. Fisher, Chairman, E. Higgins, C. Duffy, A. Garland, C. French, T. Grogan; advertising manager, T. Barker; and business manager, Wes. Williams.

Anne Halnan, '30

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the rise and fall in our career.

Class History

Freshman Year, '26-'27

On September 6, 1926, a group of awe-stricken "children" were ushered with wide-eyed wonderment into that great hall of fame —Weymouth High School. The sophisticated seniors made us feel small and humble, and Mr. Brown made us acquainted with his blood-curdling yells.

We seemed to grow, after the Freshman Party, for it was a huge success. Mr. O'Donnell had a great time matching the seniors with the freshmen.

Another interesting day was "Doll Day." freshmen of all sorts and sizes brought the dolls that they still treasured.

The operetta, "The Belle of Barcelona," provided the audience with moments of suspense and laughter.

The style show, sponsored by the sewing department, gave some of the fr shmen their first stage appearance.

As the year drew to a close, we lost our bashfulness and gained the appearance of self-confidence that carried us through our sophomore year.

Sophomore Year, '27-'28

With our entrance into the sophomore year, we, the class of 1930, learned what it is to study. We entered school feeling perfectly at home, and walked about with heads high in the air, looking down upon our unsophisticated freshmen.

In spite of all our hard work and studying, we often managed to have a little fun. Unthought of talent was discovered on "Freak Day" when we noticed the admiring glances of the upper-classmen.

A very memorable event (to some) was the start of Afternoon Sessions held in Room 114, which we naturally acquaint with Mr. Brown and his "twenty nights." A new sport was begun when Mr. Griffin organized a hockey team.

Of course, the girls couldn't miss the Senior Style Show, so many feminine members of the class went to get hints on "the latest thing."

The operetta, "Lelawala," gave some of our talented classmates the chance to appear on the stage and to provide the audience with thrills and laughter.

The days flew swiftly by, and we had the glorious feeling that our first half of our school career was over and that we were to enter the following September as upper-classmen.

Junior Year, '28-'29

In September, 1928, we entered our junior year with an elation due mostly to the fact that we were now entitled to vote for class officers. The campaign of 1928 resulted in the following elections: President, Philip Brackett; Vice-President, James Branley; 2nd Vice-President, Karl Gardner; Secretary, Alice Hutchison; Treasurer, Barbara Grieves; Class Marshal, Joseph Lukis.

Meanwhile, preparation for the Junior Party was under way. This proved to be another great success and caused much fun and enjoyment for all attending.

The operetta, "Captain Crossbones," drew a large audience and certainly went over the top. This was followed with a motion picture "Hold 'Em, Yale!" for the benefit of the athletic association.

Before the year ended we had held several class meetings and were getting well prepared for our senior year, when we could be examples to other students.

Senior Year, '29-'30

In the fall of 1929 we entered the most important year of our school-days. We started the year by welcoming the Freshman Class with an entertainment and dance. All the bashful freshmen (and some seniors!) were pulled into the midst of the fun and dancing by Mr. O'Donnell who, by the way, danced to a few tunes himself.

The teachers gave a play later in the year to help defray athletic expenses. Everyone enjoyed the very amusing performance "So This is London." We didn't know that we had such fine actors and actresses among our faculty.

This success was soon followed by another

given by the students of the High School, under the direction of Mrs. McGrath and Miss Canning. The costumes, humor, and music of the Operetta, "Up in the Air," will not soon be forgotten.

During the months of March and April we held many class meetings to make arrangements for graduation. The boys are to wear black bow ties, blue coats, and white trousers. It is very difficult to foretell what the girls might wear!

Hasty preparations were made to select a photographer. Purdy's was chosen as the best studio, and finally everyone had his picture taken. Why are we so vain?

The cast for the Senior Play has just been chosen, and we expect to have a good many laughs. The name of the play is "Come Out of the Kitchen!"

Graduation is just around the corner, and with it the class of 1930 is to be launched on its career into another world, the world of experience. We expect misfortunes and downfalls; but with these, too, we expect our measure of success, for we have worked and done our best. Our advice to the students entering the High School, which we must now leave, can easily be given in just three words —"Do Your Best."

Isabel Hawley, Chairman
John Thurberg '30
B. Libbey '30
A. Olson '30

Orchestra

The orchestra has had a successful season. They opened their season by playing for a gathering of Women's Associations, who were being entertained by the Monday Club. Later they played between the acts of the annual play of the same organization. Everyone who heard the operetta knows how much the orchestra added to the singing. The orchestra went along with the band to Waltham, May 17 to play in the assemblies. They also plan to enter the contest next year. In accordance with the regular routine, the orchestra played for graduation. Under Mr. Calderwood's able leadership—with John Veerling pinch-hitting now and then—the outlook for the orchestra is promising.

Editorial

At the end of the year there is a tendency to "let down" a bit. "Oh, well, it's the end of the year. And hot weather is hard to work in. I'll get down to business again next fall," is the invariable excuse one gives to himself and sometimes to others. So he merrily allows things to pursue their own fair ways, doing as little as he possibly can, and only half doing what he cannot entirely shirk; that's the easiest way of making a living. There is the same tendency in school.

But did you ever stop to think what is done with half-cooked potatoes? They are put back to be cooked more. Or with half-baked cake? It is thrown away. Or with unsatisfactory goods? They are sent back. Potatoes can be cooked more. Another loaf of cake can be made. Defective goods can be replaced. But what about half-used time, time in which things are half done because it's the easiest way out? It can't be sent back to be used over again. And so it is with our life; we can live it but once. Make the best use of it. If you have spring fever, take a tonic. But remember "there is something worth more than making a living—making a life." *R. B. Reed '30*

Woe Is Me!

'Twas a bright and sunny daytime;
Forth the questions were all fired.
Some fond classmates slowly scribbled,
But the rest—we all expired!
Not a thought was in our noodles,
Not a word dripped from our pens,
But we sat and chewed our pencils
With high resolves to make amends!

Roxana Fields

Typewriting Awards

During the month of March the following typists won awards:

SENIORS

Silver Pin

Marion L. Belcher, 44 wds.

Certificate

Helyn Spillane, 1st year type.

JUNIORS

Certificates

Ruth Cormack
Elsie Peterson
Marie Cheverie
Viola Goldsworthy

Class Prophecy

Little did I dream, at the time I assumed this responsibility, to what gargantuan proportions this task would attain. Unfortunately neither I nor my co-workers are blessed with clairvoyance, and for a time it was thought that the class must be content with mere guesswork on our part. Then I had my great idea. I went into consultation with Flannelmouth and with his aid and that of the Crystal Ball we have prepared an account of the futures of unerring exactitude. Its accuracy may astound and perhaps disappoint you. Do not blame us for that; we relate only what has been revealed to us. It is only once in a lifetime that such revelations are made, and we should drop our "what-is-to-be-will-be" attitude and accept them in the trustful spirit which is their just due.

Therefore, we, the undersigned, in conjunction with Flannelmouth, submit the following as a faithful representation of the future actions of this class of 1930.

Karl Gardner, Chairman *Edwin Thomas*
Robert Burrell *Willard Bishop*

Warner Abbott
Draftsman for the Eleo Shipbuilding Company. Drop in anytime and give him a hand —you'll get a hand, too, outside.

Gilbert Arnold
Gibby was torn between his desires for the sea and for music. He finally compromised by becoming attendant in a Turkish bath.

Kathryn Bailey
Kate entered a Marathon dance, but it didn't do any good. She gained five pounds.

Theodore Bancroft
Assistant bandmaster for Sousa. Sousa has looked forward to Ted's graduation so that he might be assistant in the saxophone section.

Thomas Barker
Song and dance man for Keith's. A regular whispering tenor. He got that habit in 214.

Winnie Bedford
Winnie is a member of a profession hitherto occupied by men. She's a tree surgeon. She has grafted apples onto the pines in back of the school.

Marion Belcher
Marion, too, has invaded man's province and become a plumber. And furthermore, she never forgets her tools.

Andrewena Bell
Andy is a reporter. She had the last treaty all signed months before they got around to it.

Eva Berner
Eva just starved to death in Paris, trying to order a meal in French.

Lillian Bicknell
Lillian is a singer of note. She refuses to reveal the note, though.

Willard Bishop
The saxophonist who replaced Rudy Weindoff as Rudy Vallee's idol.

Charles Blackwell
The person that put the clam in "the clam digger of N. Weymouth."

Gwendolyn Blanchard
Gwen just bought out Cain's. She believes in protecting home industry.

Philip Brackett
Our gift to travelling salesmen. He *sometimes* puts things across very neatly. He is going to Hawaii to sell bailed hay—or oil stoves, perhaps.

James Branley
Jim, contrary to all expectations, is a flagpole painter. Half the people of Boston have the roofs of their mouths sunburned from watching him work.

Ida Brava
Undecided whether to take up music or art, Ida is now working in a mail-order house. The word is *mail*.

Margaret Brown
Margaret has the largest collection of rubber heels in the country. When it is complete, she is going to donate it to the leather-heeled teachers at W. H. S.

Dorothy Bryer
Dot is now telephone operator. Thus we explain wrong numbers. "Put another nickel in the slot, please—I beg your pardon, there is *not*."

Robert Burrell
Member of the Boston Bruins and second baseman for the Yanks. Babe shows great promise for both of these positions, at least, watch his dust!

Harry Carrell
Harry is a racing driver. His latest record is 432.3 m. p. h. Unfortunately Harry became slightly confused, the result being that the last half of the trip was in the air.

Wallace Carroll
Wally is now a deep sea diver. They say he was forced into it by a nagging wife.

Antoinette Cirigliano
Ann teaches Russian at Heidelberg, spelled R-u-s-s-i-a-n.

Frederick Clark
Competitor for the Davis Cup. When he gets it he promises all a drink. God save Volstead.

Phyllis Clark
Well-known aviatrix. Always had towering ambitions.

Mary Cody
The only woman bus driver. They say that all the handsome seniors from S. Weymouth inspired this.

Barbara Cole
Barbara fainted while demonstrating her line of roller skates. The only thing that would bring her to was spirits of hartshorn.

Kenneth Corridan
He aspires to own a dancing school on Boylston Street. He wants to teach anaesthetic dancing.

Georgiana Crawford
Gena is responsible for all the German societies springing up all over the country. Her heartfelt love of German inspired this move.

Norman Curtin
Norm, don't ever let me catch you hanging around dance halls again. Strange how little we change.

William Curtin
General Comic man. His latest song is "Sing You Sinners," except at 11:45. Then it's "Ring you Dinner-bell."

Margaret DeBoer
Peg recently won the Nobel Prize in literature. Her book was "The Sailor's Sweetheart."

Eugene De Coste
Gene is now on the Olympic team under the management of Mr. Liha. They load the starting gun with rock salt. This method has got four straight wins for Gene.

Clarence Delorey
Clarence is noted for his great proficiency with fire-arms. His chief game seems to consist of earthworms and ants.

Russell Denbroeder
In a few years he will replace the most noted Latin professor at Harvard. Then Latin will be Greek to most of them.

Mary Di Lorenzo
Mary has become a close competitor of David Saville Muzzey, and W. H. S. is in hopes of getting a history which doesn't need outlining.

Robert Doble
Bob is now a bull-fighter. He says, "Red was always my favorite color, even in High School."

Ellsworth Dolan
Ellie owns the greatest number of cars ever owned by one man. And he has no trouble filling them, either.

Richard Dorley
Dick wants to be a bank president. He wants to dictate to someone so bad that he's sure of the job. He's even bought a Dictator-Six.

William Doyle
We had the hardest time finding Bill. We finally found him in Missouri, being shown.

Paul Driscoll
Paul, we find, is now working for the Arrow Collar Co. You've all seen him in the subways.

Charles Duffy
Charlie attends a normal school. There are plenty of girls there, and time doesn't hang heavily on his hands at all.

Adelaide Dyment
Laddie is now busy killing hens. She always was good on "fowl" shots.

Benjamin Elkington
Benny has had a terrible time. He shot his reflection in the mirror the other day and suffered for weeks in the belief that he was dead.

Elmer Fisher
Great golfer. Chick started a row the other day when he handed in a score of 52. He wouldn't tell what he got on the second nine, however.

Alice Flynn
Alice visited a sail-yard the other day and had three dresses made before she was forced to leave.

Vera Fogleholm
Vera is back in W. H. S. again. Don't be misled; she is teaching lunch to the freshmen. They all say it is their favorite subject.

Edward Foley
Ed has grown into a great diplomat. He gained his early experience through his great ability to get along with the teachers.

Charles French
Charlie is another singer. You'll find him demonstrating bathtubs in the best plumbing establishment in Boston.

Dorothy Gaffney
Dot is the newly-chosen daneing champion. Someone put a hornet in her shoe, and then locked the doors.

Harriet Gardner
Harriet has added a new honor to her type record. Two words per one half second. It was done with both elbows, the words being helkaobvd 1,5/ and " ;--zkuij, which, we are told, mean something awful in Russian.

Karl Gardner
Karl now owns a well-known roof garden. It is rumored that his years at W. H. S. helped him in his rise to fame.

Arthur Garland
We don't know whether Art is going into the poultry or carpet business. He feeds his hens tacks and evidently expects them to lay carpets.

Leonard Gebhard
A teacher at a riding school. Lately Lennie has taken it upon himself to ride horses. At whose expense? The horse's and Lennie's.

Frances Gilbody
Frances has done what all business men despaired of long ago. She runs a buggy-whip store and it pays!

Theodore Joseph Baumeister
Ted is a parachute jumper. He forgot his parachute recently, but fortunately came out of it with only a broken hip and five fractured ribs.

Robert Gilman Burnett
Extract is the champion little strong man. When he has to change a tire all he does is roll the car over on its side, thus avoiding the trouble of a jack!

Robert Edward Clark
Rivets had intended to be a carpenter, but felt that he ought to live up to his nickname, so he is now a steel worker. He catches them in a bucket.

Russell Edward Decoste
Russ is president of the "Society of Lookers Through the Wrong Ends of Telescopes." Dr. Seuss is an honorary member as is Prof. Lucifer K. Butts.

Alfred Minot Denly
Al runs an advertising house. His trade includes Chrysler Motors, Standard Oil, and C. R. Denbroeder's. Sales have increased 112%.

Walter Leonard Doble
Walter has turned humanitarian. He is now trying to interest the Central Africans in football. "It's all for their own good," he claims.

Ernest Eacobacci
Ernie has given up his trade and become a steeplejack. He hung by his knees and held his pail in his teeth while painting the bridge over the herring run.

Elwin Lester Goodwin
Twin is now a Congressman. His irreproachable vocabulary at High School has increased by a few more words such as "Lobbyist" and "tariff."

Elwood Weston Goodwin
Twin has gone into the construction business. He has bids for the special P. M. session building at W. H. S.

Alton Warren Harris
Alton has paved the sidewalks of South Weymouth with broken glass. The shoe business must be terrible.

Fred Jalmar Hanhisalo
Honey has gone to Hollywood and joined up with the other great honey, Nancy Carroll. She was impressed at once by his manly bearing.

Roger Sumner Hodges
Prep has entered the ranks of the taxidermists. His "chef-d'oeuvre" was a jellyfish stuffed with ice.

Ernest Albert Housman

Stanley Heald is now giving thanks for the blessing of Howzy. His selling of wooden shoes to floor-walkers brought both a fortune.

Frank Newell Jones

Frank always had a liking for red lanterns. If you'll go to his house some time, you can see his collection. He is what you might call a connoisseur.

Niilo Victor Karstunen

Finn is the only man to repair a car and make it go without the motor. "The motor was dead anyhow," he says, "so what use was it to the car?"

James Lockhart

Of all the shoemakers in the world, Lockie is the only one to make a last last to the last.

William Markarian

Bill has set up his leather store in the residential section of Boston. He resoles the slippers of the papas who walk the floor nights.

William Palmieri

Bill was always an optimist. He prints the obituary list of school teachers.

Robert Perrow

Bob is in great demand at the Weymouth links. He recently went out with seven balls, lost four, and came back with ten.

Harold Arvid Rudoph

Rudy has often been confused with Mr. Vallee. His proficiency on the musical saw is a great combination of his carpentry training and his musical (?) tendencies.

Norman Gilligan

Well-known mural painter. Just finished doing 213 in an emerald green.

Bertha Ginsberg

Gym teacher at Harvard. She likes the dumbbells.

Muriel Golby

You will see Muriel at the Metropolitan any time—giving out tickets as usual.

Barbara Grieves

The girl who replaced Texas Guinan as the toast of New York. Guess who's with her in this.

Thomas Grogan

Made a hit at Miami beach as the boy with "it."

Anne Halnan

Anne has never got over that Halnan-Grieves giggle. We have attended to Barbara. She has made a hit in "Giggling Gertie."

Grace Hart

Grace boasts the largest following of the stronger sex in the U. S. She challenges one and all without any consideration whatsoever.

Jeannette Hawes

Receiver of the Nobel prize in physics for the year 1940. Thank Mr. Whittle, Jeannette.

Isabel Hawley

Isabel is not doing as well in business as she should. It seems that every time she takes up the telephone she says, "Send Karl Gardner to the office." And this spoils her trade.

Ralph Hayward

Ralph, too, has gone back to Missouri, whence he originally came.

Edward Higgins

Ed has actually found what makes the tower of Pisa lean, and has used his knowledge with such success that he is now with Barnum as the living skeleton.

Eleanor Hopkins

Eleanor has overcome her shyness and now presides over the public speaking classes at the Deaf and Dumb Institute.

Evelyn Howland

Eve, much to our surprise, has settled down to literary life. Among her works are "Just Men" and "Fickleness in the Sterner Sex."

Winifred Hunt

Winnie can't be found anywhere. The last we heard she had gone to Norway to see the Midnight Sun; unfortunately she read it "Son."

Alice Hutchison

Alice is known as the modern Ruth Chatterton. Her English "ahcecnt" was acquired in a P. G. course with Mr. Brown.

Richard Hynes

Dick has finally undersold his rivals. But he fools them. He sells smaller eggs.

Elinore Johnson

Elinore is said to be a model student at her school. After extensive enquiries we find this to be the "William's Art School" at Weymouth.

Eunice Johnson
The only girl who ever walked back from a bus ride. She forgot her books.

Camilla Jorgensen
Inventor of the "lunch-check automat." Just put a nickel in the slot; heads you get your check and your money back; tails, try again.

Francis Kelly
Kel has Grantland Rice and Bill Cunningham stopped forty ways as a sports writer—and has fifty ways of his own.

Francis Keohan
This enterprising agriculturist has developed a mechanical chicken that performs all the functions of the regulation chicken, except the eating qualities. The food consists of a monthly dose of oil.

Robert Kibby
Bob is an author, and how he "auths." He produced "Grisly Gore," "Gruesome Ghouls," and many others of similar type.

Anna Kiley
Another writer. Anna writes more of the Dorothy Dix type of articles tho', such as "How to Make the Most of a Twenty-ride Ticket."

Helen Langhorst
Helen has obtained permission to clean up New York. She is now taking a night course in Hebrew.

Iona Seach
Still debating. The other day she convinced herself that she was wrong when she had a feeling all along that she was right.

Emily Sherman
Emily caused a panic the other day. She stopped smiling, and it took seven doctors to convince the startled populace that she wasn't sick.

Melvin Sherman
Mel is the chef in one of our leading hotels. Many people go away hungry because his food goes down so good that they don't know they've eaten.

Althea Smith
Althea was on a torpedoed ship in the war; she saved her life by putting an outboard motor on her 'cello and putting away. (She was alone.)

Arnold Smith
Bubba is now an orchestra leader. We always knew he'd make a big noise for himself.

Catherine Smith
Catherine has become secretary to the president. He says, "We owe our escape from Prohibition to the efforts of Miss Smith.

Roberta Smith
Berta has recently joined the Grand Symphony Orchestra. Now music hath more charms.

Frank Soule
Frank recently took Einstein to task for contradicting a statement of his. Einstein apologized.

Norman Spalding
Norman has been chosen for the All-American team. His great work was forming an electro-magnet of the goal posts and enclosing the ball in an iron cover.

William Thomas Stone
Stoney has branched out from the carpentry line and is now building sky-scrapers. Some only rub slightly, though.

William Edward Shanahan
Bill has achieved a life-long ambition and is now a great athlete. He got his strength lifting cars in W. H. S.

John Alfred Santacroce
Johnnie is the most enterprising salesman around. He sold a tube of shaving cream to Santa Claus.

John Gustaf Thurberg
John has developed a labor-saving scheme for repairing cars. He simply puts a new car in place of the bad one.

Orrin William Taber
Bill is still hitting the nail on the head. He writes "Advice to the Lovelorn."

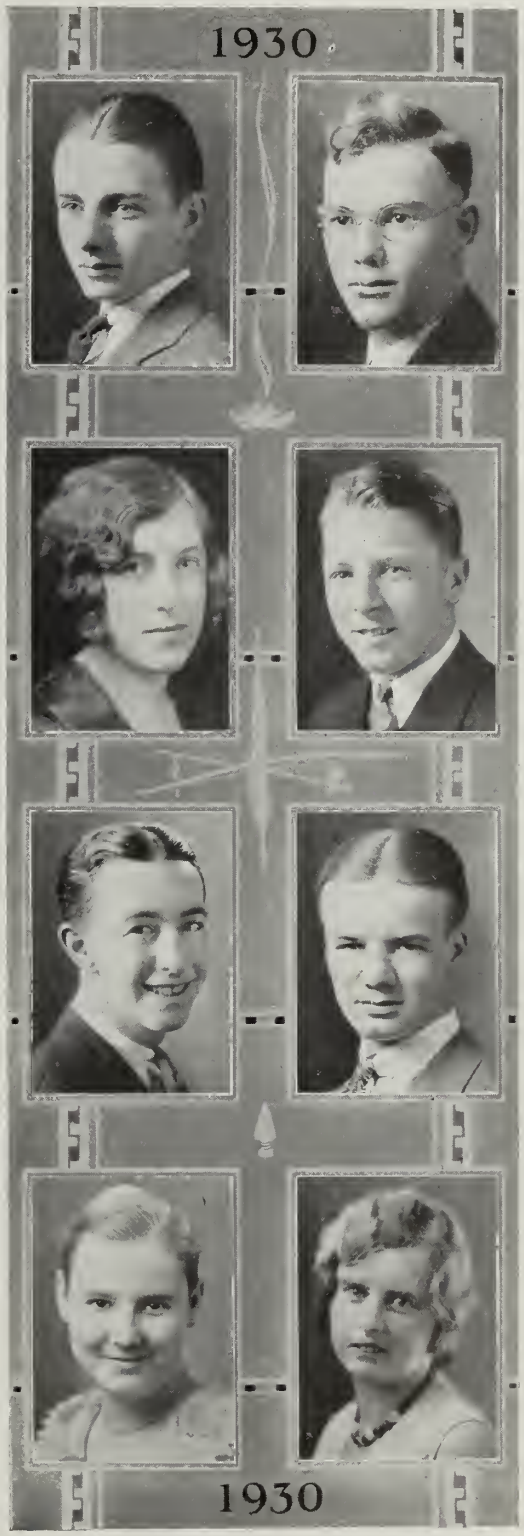
Raymond White
Ray has taken over the taxi business. He says that his new springs make one feel that he is riding on air.

Gordon Lester Wright
Gordon has given up carpentry to be a justice of the peace. He claims that his course in joining influenced the change.

Joseph Masterson
Joe has become a used-car dealer. His idea is never to sell a car without making one hundred per cent. Exception: Members of '30.

Mary McEnroe
Mary has opened a physical culture school. She's helping prepare high-school grads to stand the rigors of college.

(Continued on page 47)



WARNER MARSHALL ABBOTT
General Course, South Weymouth. Senior Party Committee, 4; Class football, 2; Operetta, 2, 3, 4.

GILBERT WRISLEY ARNOLD *"Gibby," "Major"*
General Course, North Weymouth. Track, 1, 2, 4; Football, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 1, 2, 3, 4.

KATHRYN PATRICIA BAILEY *"Kate"*
Business Course, Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1; Operetta, 4; Glee Club, 4; Typewriting Certificate,

THEODORE JOSEPH BAUMEISTER *"Gideon"*
Printing Course, South Weymouth. Baseball, 2.

THOMAS EDWARD BARKER *"Tom"*
General Course, North Weymouth. Entertainment Committee Senior Party, 4; Hockey, 2; Class Basketball, 4; Gym Exhibition, 2, 3; Operetta, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheer Leader, 3.

THEODORE SHERMAN BANCROFT *"Ted"*
General Course, East Weymouth. Hockey, 2; Band, 1, 2, 3; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3; Typewriting Certificate, 3.

EVA CECELIA BERNIER *"Eve"*
Classical Course, North Weymouth. Honor Roll, 1; Operetta, 4.

WINNIE BEDFORD
Classical Course, North Weymouth. Honor Roll, 1, 2; Assistant Editor W. H. S. "News."

MARION LOUISE BELCHER *"Shrimp"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Typewriting Certificate, 4; Typewriting Silver Pin, 4.

ANDREWENA BELL *"Andy," "Bunny"*
Classical Course, North Weymouth. "Who's Who," 4; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Basketball, 1; Assistant Editor W. H. S. "News," 4.

LILLIAN AUGUSTA BICKNELL *"Bickie"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Refreshment Committee Senior Party, 4; Operetta, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4; Typewriting Certificate, 4.

WILLARD EARL BISHOP *"Wee," "Tiny"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Honor Roll, 1; Chairman Class Party, 4; Operetta, 4; Class basketball, 2, 4; Gym Exhibition, 3; Typewriting Certificate, 4; Phopheey Committee, 4.

CHRISTINE KATHRYN BLAIR *"Chris"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Nominating Committee, 3; Honor Roll, 1; Cashier in Lunch Room, 4; Type Certificate, 3.

GWENDOLYN GENEVIEVE BLANCHARD *"Gwen"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Baseball, 1; Typewriting Certificate, 4.

PHILIP STOCKMAN BRACKETT *"Phil"*
Technical Course, South Weymouth. Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Tennis, 1, 2, 3, 4; Football Mgr., 4; Assistant Mgr., 3; Class Baseball, 3; Basketball, 4; Football, 2; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Operetta, 2, 3, 4; *Reflector* Staff, 2, 3, 4; German Club, 4; Debating, 1, 2; Assembly Speaker, 3, 4; Class President.

JAMES BERNARD BRANLEY *"Jim"*
Agricultural Course, Weymouth. Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Football, 1, 2, 3; Gym Exhibition, 1, 2; Class 1st Vice President.

IDA BRAVA
Business Course, Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1; Operetta, 3; Typewriting Certificate, 3.

MARGARET CATHERINE BROWN *"Brownie"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; French Play, 3; Typewriting Certificate, 3.

DOROTHY LOUISE BRYER *"Dot"*
Business Course, North Weymouth. Honor Roll, 4; Gym Exhibition, 3; Typewriting Certificate, 3.

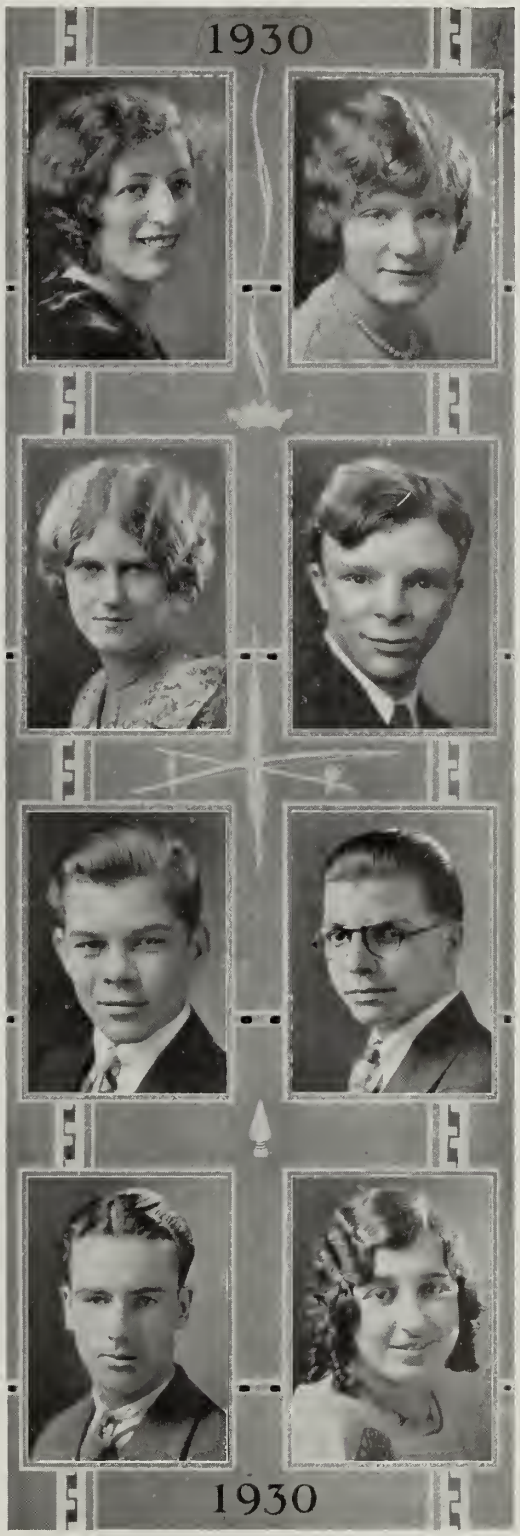
ROBERT GILMAN BURNETT *"Extract"*
Automobile Repair Course, South Weymouth. Honor Roll, 2, 3; Trade School Exhibition, 3; Prophecy Committee, 3.

ROBERT HOWARD BURRELL *"Babe"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Honor Roll, 1; Senior Party, 4; Junior Class Outing, 3; Baseball, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 2, 4; Tennis, 4; Gym Exhibition, 3; Class Football, 2; Usher at Operetta, 4, Prophecy Committee, 4.

HARRY MONROE CARRELL
General Course, South Weymouth. Freshman Party, 1.

CHARLES WALLACE CARROLL *"Wally"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Basketball, 3, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Typewriting Silver Pin, 4.

ANTOINETTE MARIA CIRIGLIANO *"Ann"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Typewriting Certificate, 3.



FREDERICK MORTON CLARK *"Fred"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 2; Typewriting Certificate, 4; Typewriting Pin, 4.

MARJORIE PHYLLIS CLARK *"Phil," "Billy"*
Classical Course, Weymouth. Honor Roll, 1, 2, 3; Picture Committee, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Vice-President French Club, 4; *Reflector*, 3, 4.

ROBERT EDWARD CLARK *"Rivets"*
Carpentry Course, East Weymouth. Basketball, 2; Weymouth Trade School Exhibition, 3.

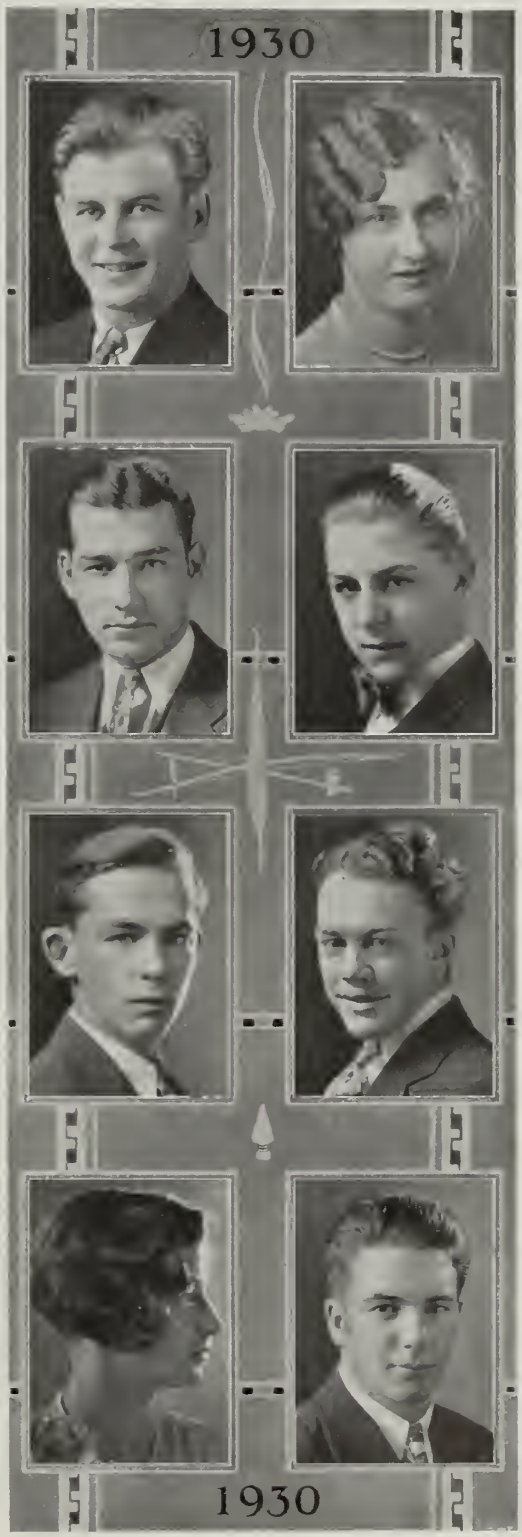
BARBARA COLE *"Bobbie"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Typewriting Certificate, 4.

MARY ISABEL CODY *"Peanut"*
Business Course, North Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Typewriting Certificate, 3; Style Show, 1.

KENNETH CORRIDAN *"Ken"*
Business Course, Weymouth Landing. Chairman Ring Committee, 3, 4; Junior Party Committee, 3.

GEORGIANA CRAWFORD *"Gena"*
Classical Course, Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1; German Club, 4; Operetta, 4.

NORMAN QUINN CURTIN *"Norm"*
Business Course, Weymouth. Basketball, 3.



WILLIAM CURTIN *"Bill"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 2; Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Track, 1.

MARGARET DE BOER *"Peg," "Maggie"*
General Course, South Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Baseball, 1, 3; Glee Club, 4; Operetta, 2, 3, 4; *Reflector*, 4; "Who's Who" Committee, 4; Senior Play, 4.

RUSSELL EDWARD DECOSTE *"Russ"*
Shoemaking Course, North Weymouth. Football, 1, 2, 3, Capt., 4; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, Capt., 4.

THOMAS EUGENE DE COSTE *"Gene"*
Business Course, North Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 3; Track, 3, 4.

CLARENCE AUGUSTUS DELOREY
Agricultural Course, E. Weymouth.

RUSSELL ATHERTON DENBROEDER *"Russ," "Red"*
Technical Course, South Weymouth. Party Committee, 3; Chairman Motto Committee, 4; Outing Committee, 3; Entertainment Committee for German Club, 4; Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1; Usher at Operetta, 3, 4.

MARY DI LORENZO *"Freckles," "Spinach"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth. Honor Roll, 1, 3, 4; German Club Entertainment Committee, 4; French Club Entertainment Committee, 4; "Who's Who" Committee, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Operetta, 4; Secretary French Club; Secretary German Club, 4; Senior Play, 4.

ROBERT LAWSON DOBLE *"Bob"*
Technical Course, East Weymouth. Football, 3, 4.

WALTER LEONARD DOBLE *"Wally"*
Shoemaking Course, East Weymouth. Football, 1, 2; Track, 2; Trade School Baseball, 2.

ELLSWORTH WAY DOLAN *"Ellie"*
General Course, North Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 3.

RICHARD WILLIAM DORLEY *"Dick"*
Business Course, North Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3, 4; Operetta, 3; Entertainer Freshman-Senior Party, 1, 4; Entertainer Junior Party, 2, 3; Entertainer Benefit Picture Show, 3; Typewriting Certificate, 3; Typewriting Silver Pin, 3; Senior Play, 4.

WILLIAM JOSEPH DOYLE *"Bill"*
Technical Course, East Weymouth. Outing Committee, 3; Track Manager, 4; Cross Country Manager, 4; Class Baseball, 3; Class Basketball, 3; German Club, 4; Usher at Operetta, 4.

PAUL FRANCIS DRISCOLL *"Pill"*
General Course, North Weymouth. Party Committee, 3, 4; Track, 3, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1; German Club, 4; Usher at Operetta, 2, 3.

CHARLES WILLIAM DUFFY *"Charlie"*
General Course, North Weymouth. Football, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 3; Baseball, 3; Usher at Operetta, 4; Senior Class Play, 3; Graduation, 3.

ADELAIDE VEDA DYMENT *"Laddie"*
Practical Arts Course, South Weymouth. Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3, 4; Operetta, 2, 3; Style Show, 1.

ERNEST EACOBACCI *"Ernie"*
Automobile Repair Course, East Weymouth. Trade School Exhibition, 3.

BENJAMIN JOHNSTON ELKINGTON, JR. *"Benny"*
General Course, East Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 3, 4; Track, 4.

ELMER RUSSELL FISHER *"Chick"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Picture Committee, 4; Football, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2; Gym Exhibition, 1, 2.

ALICE MARY FLYNN *"Al"*
Practical Arts Course, Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3.

VERA INGEBORG FOGELHOLM *"Vee"*
Classical Course, North Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 2, 3; Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Style Show, 1.

CHARLES EDWARD FRENCH *"Charlie"*
General Course, South Weymouth. Honor Roll, 1, 2; Operetta, 4; Glee Club, 4.

DOROTHY SOPHIA GAFFNEY *"Dot"*
Business Course, Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3, 4; Basketball, 1.

KARL ALBERT GARDNER *"K"*
Technical Course, South Weymouth. Second Vice-President; Prophecy Committee, 4; Track, 3, 4; Gym Exhibition, 3; *Reflector*, 3; Business Manager, 4; German Club, 4; Assembly Speaker; Lincoln Program, 4; Debating Club, 1, 3.

HARRIET ROSE GARDNER
Business Course, South Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Typewriting Certificate, 3.

ARTHUR LINDSAY GARLAND *"Art"*
Agricultural Course, South Weymouth. "Aggie" Basketball Team, 4; Operetta, 3, 4; *Reflector*, 4; 4-H Club, 4; State Champion Demonstrator, 3.

LEONARD GEBHARD *"Lennie"*
Technical Course, South Weymouth Band, 2; Operetta, 2.

FRANCES LILLIAN GILBODY *"Fran"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 2, 3, 4; Typewriting Certificate, 3.

NORMAN AUGUSTINE GILLIGAN *"Irish"*
General Course, South Weymouth. Junior Party, 3; Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Football, 4.

BERTHA GINSBERG *"Ginzy"*
Business Course, North Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1; Type Certificate, 3.

MURIEL KATHLEEN GOLBY *"Duel," "Me"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Honor Roll, 1; Class History, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Typewriting Certificate, 4.

ELWIN LESTER GOODWIN *"Goody"*
Carpentry Course, Weymouth. Basketball, 1; Trade School Exhibition, 3.

ELWOOD WESTON GOODWIN *"Twin"*
Carpentry Course, Weymouth. Basketball, 1; Trade School Exhibition, 3.

BARBARA GRIEVES *"Barb"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth. Junior Party, 3; Senior Party, 4; Gym Exhibition, 3; Operetta, 4; Class Treasurer.

THOMAS GROGAN *"Tom"*
Business Course, North Weymouth. Track, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1; Type Certificate, 3.

ANNA LOVELL HALNAN *"Ann"*
General Course, East Weymouth. Entertainment Committee, 1, 2, 4; Motto Committee; Operetta, 4; Senior Play, 4.

ALTON WARREN HARRIS *"Al"*
Shoemaking Course, South Weymouth.

JEANNETTE FAIRBANKS HAWES
Classical Course, East Weymouth. Honor Roll, 1; Class Outing Committee, 3; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Prophecy Committee, 4.

GRACE DARLING HART *"Gracie"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Remington Typewriting Certificate.

ISABEL ANNA HAWLEY *"Izzy"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Four year honor roll; Chairman, Class History, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1; Remington Silver Pin, 3; Remington Gold Pin, 3.

RALPH ALDEN HAYWARD
General Course, East Weymouth. Property Commission, 1; Industrial Course, Jersey City, N. J.; Room Treasurer, 2; Somerville H. S.; General Course.

EDWARD POWERS HIGGINS *"Ed," "Tub"*
General Course, East Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3.

ROGER SUMNER HODGES *"Prep"*
Shoemaking Course, South Weymouth.

WARREN LAROY HOLLIS *"Hercules"*
Carpentry Course, Weymouth. Basketball, 1; Trade School Exhibition, 3.

ELEANOR LEWIS HOPKINS *"Hoppy"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth. Entertainment Committee, 3, 4; Refreshment Committee, 4; Gym Exhibition, 2; Cheer Leader, 3, 4.

ERNEST ALBERT HOUSMAN *"Howzy," "Ernie"*
Shoemaking Course, North Weymouth. Football, 1, 2; Basketball, 3; Gym Exhibition, 1, 2, 3; Track, 2, 3.

WINIFRED ELIZABETH HUNT *"Winnie," "Blondie"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Pianist, 1, 2, 4; Entertainer of Freshmen-Senior Party; Remington Silver Pin, 4; Secretary *Reflector*, 4.

ALICE MAY HUTCHISON *"Al"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 2, 3; Junior Dance Committee; Class Secretary, 4; Remington Typewriter Certificate.

RICHARD MAURICE HYNES *"Dick"*
Agricultural and Business Course, South Weymouth. Agricultural Poultry Committee, 4; 4-H Club; Weymouth Livestock Judging Team, 4; Entered Weymouth High School September, 1929.

ELINORE WOODBURY JOHNSON *"Johnny"*
Practical Arts, South Weymouth. Entertainment Committee Senior-Freshman Party; Refreshment Committee Senior-Freshman Party; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Cheer Leader, 3, 4; Operetta, 4.

EUNICE ELIZABETH JOHNSON
Business Course, South Weymouth. Honor Roll, 1.

FRANK NEWELL JONES *"Little Pal"*
Shoemaking Course, South Weymouth. Football, 1, 2, 3; Baseball, 2; Basketball, 3.

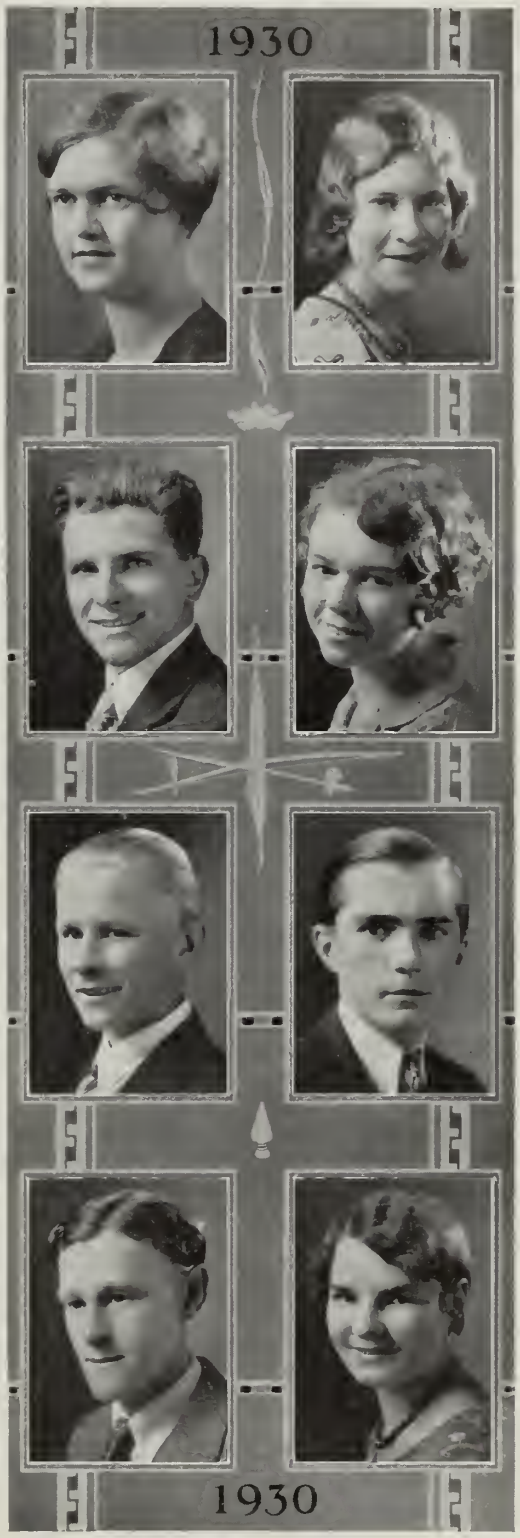
CAMILLA EBERHARD JORGENSEN
Practical Arts, North Weymouth. Honor Roll, 1, 3; Gym Exhibition, 1; Lunch room cashier, 3.

NIILO VICTOR KARSTUNEN *"Finn"*
Automobile Repair Course, East Weymouth. Honor Roll, 1, 2, 3; Trade School Exhibition, 3.

FRANCIS XAVIER KELLY *"Kell"*
Business Course, North Weymouth. Ring Committee, 3; Junior Party, Refreshment and Entertainment, ; Freshman-Senior Entertainment, 4; Senior Party Refreshment, 4; Baseball, 3; Football, 1; Basketball Class, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1; Operetta, 2; Remington Typewriter Certificate, 4; Senior Play, 4.

FRANCIS LAWRENCE KEOHAN *"Frank"*
Agricultural Course, Weymouth Landing. Chairman Agricultural Poultry Committee, 4; Track, 2, 3, 4; Football, 3, 4; Cross-Country Captain, 4; Class Basketball, 3, 4; Weymouth Agricultural Club, Secretary, 1, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer, 3; 4-H Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Poultry Judging Team, 1, 2, 3, 4; Live Stock Judging Team, 3, 4; Fruit Judging Team, 3.

ANNA VERONICA KILEY *"Eski," "Ann"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1; Typewriting Certificate, 4.



HELEN LANGHORST *"Ellen"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3.

JAMES FRANK LAWLOR *"Goldy"*
Technical Course, East Weymouth.

BARBARA FRENCH LIBBEY *"Barb"*
Classical Course, North Weymouth. Ring Committee, 3; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; *Reflector*, Literary Editor, 4; French Club, Treasurer, 4; Class History, 4.

LOUIS LILLA *"Lou"*
Technical Course, East Weymouth. Football, 3, 4. Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1, 2; German Club.

GRACE EMELINE LITTLE
Business Course, Weymouth Heights. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3.

JAMES ROBERT LOCKHART *"Lockie"*
Shoemaking Course, East Weymouth. Baseball, 2.

EVELYN LOUISE LOUD *"Eve"*
Business Course, Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3.

EVERETT LAWRENCE LOUD *"Shrimp"*
General Course, South Weymouth. Operetta, 4.

JOSEPH WALTER LUKIS *"Joe," "Luky"*
Business Course, North Weymouth. Picture Committee, 4; Senior-Freshman Party, 4; Baseball, 1, 2, 3; Football, 1, 2, 3; Captain of Football Team, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1; Class Marshal.

MARY AGNES McENROE *"Aggie"*
Business Course, North Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3.

ALICE AILEEN McGRATH *"Bud"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Ring Committee, 3; Entertainment Committee Senior-Freshman Party, 4; Basketball Captain, 3; Operetta, 2, 4; Remington Typewriter Certificate, 3.

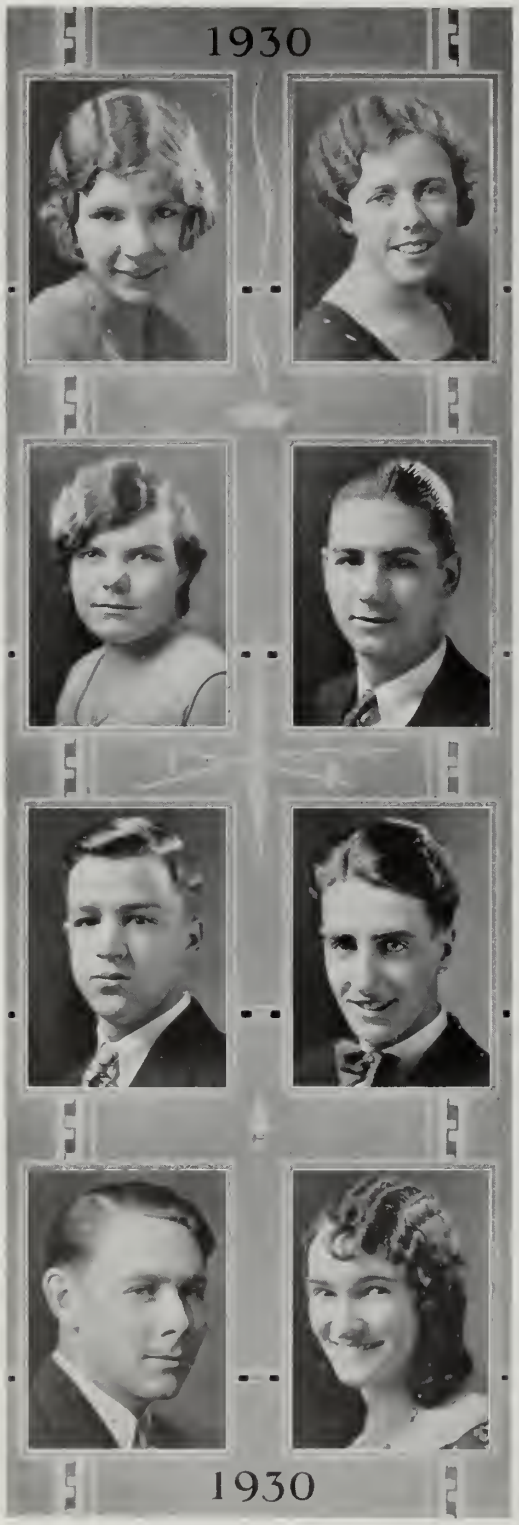
DOROTHY MAY McNEIL *"Dot"*
Business Course, North Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Fashion Show, 1.

ALDEN SPEAR MERCHANT *"Biz"*
Technical Course, East Weymouth. Band, 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Debating, 2, 3; German Club, 4.

JAMES ROBERT MITCHELL *"Jim," "Mitch"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Operetta, 3; Remington Typewriter Certificate, 4; Senior Play, 4.

GUSTAF EDWIN NELSON, JR. *"Ed"*
Technical Course, East Weymouth.

HILMA NEVA
Classical Course, East Weymouth. Honor Roll, 1.



RUTH SELMA ELIZABETH OGREN
Practical Arts, East Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1; Advertising Staff, *Reflector*, 4; Fashion Show, 1.

HELEN EILEEN O'HALLORAN *"Bunny"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Junior Party, 3; Rings, 3; Entertainment Senior Party, 4; Entertainment Senior-Freshman Party, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Operetta, 2, 4; Remington Typewriter Certificate, 4; Senior Play, 4.

ALICE EMILIA OLSON *"Al"*
Classical Course, North Weymouth. "Who's Who" Committee, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; French Club, 4; Style Show, 1; Class History, 4.

WILLIAM PALMIERI *"Pitt Plato"*
Printing Course, East Weymouth. Football, 2.

LUCIAN THOMAS PAGE *"Lu"*
Technical Course, South Weymouth.

ROBERT PERROW *"Bob"*
Automobile Repair Course, Weymouth Heights. Basketball, 2; Trade School Exhibition, 3.

AUBREY GENE POSEY *"Aub," "Pansy"*
Technical Course, North Weymouth. Senior-Freshman Party, 4; Football, 3, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; German Club, 4.

IRENE FRANCES PURCELL *"Renie"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1; Remington Typewriter Certificate, 3.

ERNEST ATTWOOD RALPH *"Ernie," "Jim"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Football, 2.

CARRIE LOUISA RANDALL *"Lou"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Honor Roll, 2, 4; Chairman, "Who's Who" Committee, 4; Candy Committee, Operetta, 3, 4; Associate Editor, W. H. S. "News," 3; Editor-in-chief, W. H. S. "News," 4; Secretary *Reflector*, 4; Remington Typewriting Certificate, 3; Remington Silver Pin, 4.

SADIE CLARA RAPPAPORT
Business Course, Weymouth Landing. Gym Exhibition, 1; Style Show, 1; Remington Typewriting Certificate, 4.

MAE ELIZABETH RAYMOND *"Charlie"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Honor Roll, 2, 3, 4; "Who's Who" Committee, 4; Operetta Candy Committee, 3, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1; Style Show, 1; Assistant Editor, W. H. S. "News," 3, 4; Secretary *Reflector*, 4; Remington Typewriting Certificate, 3; Remington Silver Pin, 4.

RUTH BELLA REED *"Rufus"*
Classical Course, North Weymouth. Four Year Honor Roll; *Reflector*, 1; Operetta, 3; Salutatory, 4.

CHARLES PARNELL REIDY *"Charlie"*
Classical Course; East Weymouth. Class Basketball, 2, 3; Class Baseball, 2, 3; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3.

ANDREW KNOX ROBERTSON, JR. *"Knoxie," "Andy"*
Business Course, Weymouth Landing. Track, 1, 2; Manager, 3.

ELEANOR FRANCES ROWE *"Al"*
General Course, East Weymouth. Naconia High School.

HAROLD ARVID RUDOLPH *"Rudy"*
Carpentry Course, East Weymouth. Trade School Exhibition, 3.

JOHN ALFRED SANTACROCE *"Johnny"*
Printing Course, East Weymouth. Football, 2; Basketball, 2, 3.

IONA JESSIE SEACH *"Iodine," "Caesar"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth. Four Year Honor Roll; Valedictorian; Ring Committee, 3; Graduation Decorating Committee, 3; Entertainment Committee, French Club, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1; *Reflector*, 2, 3, 4, Assistant Editor, 3, Editor-in-chief, 4; Debating, 1, 2, 3; French Club, 4; Assembly Speaker: Lincoln Program, 4.

WILLIAM EDWARD SHANAHAN *"Spud"*
Automobile Repair Course, East Weymouth, Baseball, 2; Basketball, 2.

EMILY MAY SHERMAN *"Lenie"*
Business Course, North Weymouth. Basketball, 1; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3.

MELVIN ELMER SHERMAN *"Mel," "Chef"*
General Course, South Weymouth. Football, 2; Band, 1; Senior Play, 4.

ALTHEA VESTA SMITH *"Al"*
General Course, East Weymouth. Picture Committee, 4; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 4.

ARNOLD SMITH *"Bubba"*
Classical Course, Weymouth Heights. Track, 1; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Band, 2, 3, 4.

ROBERTA EVELYN SMITH *"Berta"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Party Committee, 3; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play, 4.

CATHERINE LOUISE SMITH *"Miss Smith"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Honor Roll, 2, 3, 4; Nomination Committee, 3; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Operetta, 3, 4; Office, 4; Typewriting Certificate, 4.

FRANK LEWIS SOULE
Technical Course. North Weymouth. Advertising, *Reflector* Staff; Senior Play, 4.

NORMAN HOWARD SPALDING *"Speed"*
Business Course, North Weymouth. Football, 2, 4; Track, 3, 4; Baseball, 4; Typewriting Certificate, 4.

HELYN MARIE SPILLANE
Weymouth Landing, General Course. Outing Committee, 3; Gym Exhibition, 1; Operetta, 2, 3; Glee Club, 4.

JESSIE LAURA SQUEGLIA *"Jay"*
Classical Course. East Weymouth Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Operetta, 3; German Club, Treasurer, 4.

STAFFORD RAYNOR STODDARD *"Red"*
Business Course, South Weymouth.

WILLIAM THOMAS STONE *"Stoney"*
Carpentry Course, Weymouth. Trade School Exhibition, 3.

ELSIE STUB *"Elsah," "Tubby," "Hangnail"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth. Committee, 3; Technical Course, Weymouth Landing. Nomination Athletics' Editor, *Reflector*, 4; Operetta, 2, 3; Gym Exhibition, 1; President, French Club, 4; German Club, 4; Tickets, Operetta and Athletics, 4; Prophecy Committee, 4.

ELIZABETH SYLVESTER *"Betty"*
Practical Arts Course, South Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Lunch Counter, 1, 2, 3.

ORRIN WILLIAM TABER *"Bill"*
Carpentry Course, Weymouth.

MARY ELIZABETH TAYLOR *"Mae"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1; Operetta, 4; German Club, 4.

EDWIN BENTLEY THOMAS *"Ed," "Red"*
Technical Course, Weymouth Landing. Nomination Committee, 3; Track, 2, 4; Football Manager, 3; Athletics Editor, *Reflector*, 4; Operetta, 2, 3; Gym Exhibition, 1; President, French Club, 4; German Club, 4; Tickets, Operetta, and Athletics, 4; Prophecy Committee, 4.

JOHN GUSTAF THURBERG *"Woodchuck"*
Automobile Repair Course, East Weymouth. Honor Roll, 2, 3; Trade School Exhibition, 3; Class History, 3.

WILBUR GREENE TIRRELL *"Web"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth. German Club, 4; Track, 3; Prophecy Committee, 4.

JOSEPH HENRY TOBIN *"Joe"*
Classical Course, North Weymouth. Outing Committee, 3; Freshman Party, 4; Dance, 4; Operetta, 3, 4; German Club, 4; Senior Play, 4; *Reflector*, 3.

JOHN RUSSELL TOWER *"Russ"*
Technical Course, Weymouth Lan'ing. Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Football, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3; Operetta, 2, 3; German Club, 4.

JEANETTE LOUISE TURNER *"Jean"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth. Honor Roll, 1; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3.

ARNOLD PREBLE WARD
Business Course, East Weymouth.

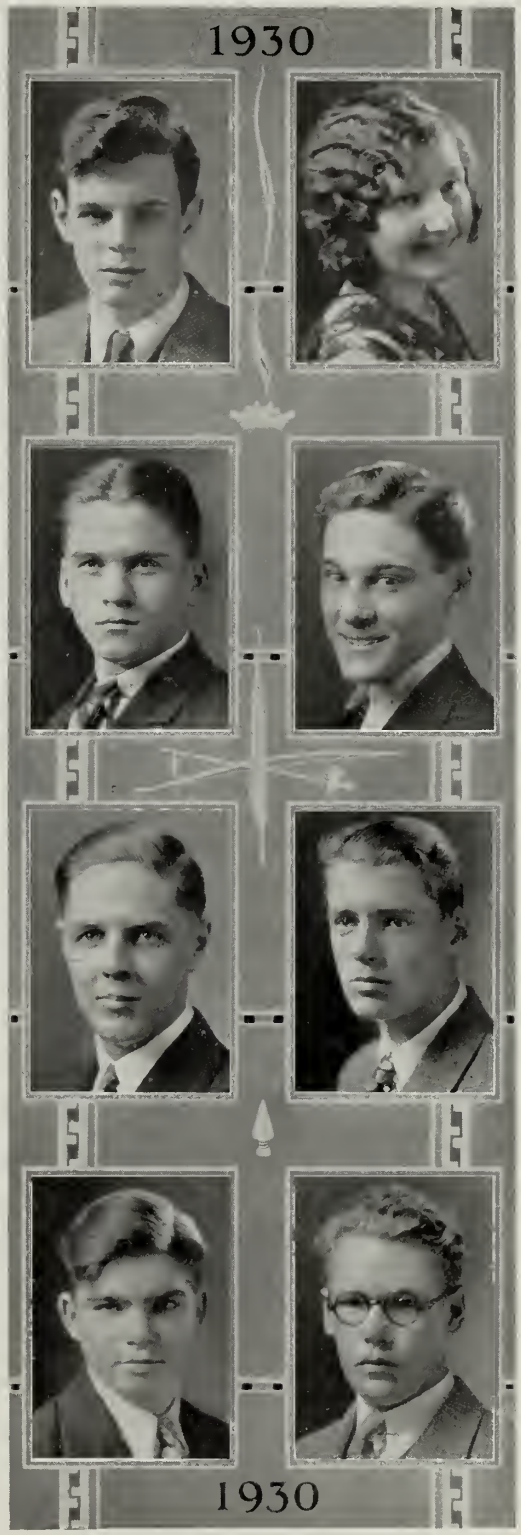
LEWIS WILLIAM WARNICK *"Lew," "Louie"*
General Course, South Weymouth. Junior Party Committee, Chairman, 3; Decoration Committee for Graduation, 3; Operetta, 4; Drawing Club, 4.

WILLIAM HENRY WASHBURN *"Bill"*
Technical Course, East Weymouth. Track, 2, 3, 4; Circulation Manager, *Reflector*, 4; German Club, 4; Gym Exhibition, 3.

THOMAS WHITAKER *"Tom"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Football, 4; Basketball, 4; Band, 2, 3.

RAYMOND PIERCE WHITE *"Ray"*
Carpentry Course, South Weymouth. Basketball, 3; Football, 2.

WILLIAM EDWARD WHITTEN *"Bill"*
Technical Course, South Weymouth. Class Prophecy Committee, 4; Tennis Team, 2, 3, 4; Assembly Speaker, 4.



WESLEY WILLIAMS *"Wes," "Lim"*
Business Course, North Weymouth. Decorating Committee, 3, 4; Refreshment Committee, 4; Football, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; *Reflector* Staff Artist, 3, 4; Sketching Club, 4; Gym Exhibition, 2, 3.

VIRGIL VALICENTI *"Chick"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth. Refreshment Committee, 4; Senior Party Committee, 4; Football, 3, 4; Track, 2, 3; Baseball, 4; Gym Exhibition, 3.

LOUISE MARY VAN METER *"Dutchie"*
Domestic Science, South Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1; Style Show, 1.

LOUISE ISABEL SAWLER *"Charlie"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. "Who's Who" Committee, 3; Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Assistant Editor W. H. S. "News," 4; Secretary *Reflector*, 4; Remington Typewriting Certificate, 3.

ALFRED MINOT DENLY *"Al"*
Printing Course, East Weymouth.

Note: — Picture at bottom right on Page 37 is that of Catherine Edna O'Brien, who is listed below on this page.

CHARLES THOMAS BLACKWELL *"Blackie"*
Technical Course, North Weymouth. Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 3; German Club, 4.

EDWARD PETER FOLEY *"Ed"*
Technical Course, North Weymouth. Motto Committee, 4; German Club, 4.

FRED JALMAR HANHISALO *"Honey"*
Shoemaking Course, East Weymouth.

EVELYN LOUISE HOWLAND *"Eve," "Dimples"*
Business Course, East Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1, 3; Remington Typewriter Certificate.

ROBERT CROSBY KIBBEY *"Bob"*
South Weymouth. Operetta, 4.

WILLIAM DAVID MARKARIAN *"Bill"*
Shoemaking Course, East Weymouth. Football, 2

GORDON LESTER WRIGHT *"Les"*
Carpentry Course, Weymouth. Trade School Exhibition, 3.

JOSEPH FRANCIS MASTERSON *"Christy"*
General Course, Weymouth Landing. Orchestra, 1.

CATHERINE EDNA O'BRIEN *"Ed"*
Business Course, South Weymouth. Junior Party, Refreshment; Senior Party Committee; Operetta, 4; Remington Typewriter Certificate, 3.

GLADYS IDA POOLE
Business Course, South Weymouth. Gym Exhibition, 1.

Autographs

Funniest

Brainiest

Cleverest

Prettiest

Huskiest

Dumbest

Just Friends

Agricultural Science

Shoemaking Shop Work

Most Important Facts of Year's Calendar

1. Le cercle Francais, a French Club, which consists of honor French students of the junior and senior classes has been organized this year. There is no English spoken at the meetings, for the club's purpose is that French students may be able to speak French more fluently. The officers are as follows: Edwin Thomas, president; Phyllis Clark, vice-president; Mary DiLorenzo, secretary; Barbara Libby, treasurer.

2. In celebration of Lincoln's birthday, Mr. Hilton called an assembly in the hall. Mrs. McGrath prepared a program consisting of the Gettysburg Address, readings, a piano solo, and vocal solos.

3. In November the seniors gave the freshmen a party. There was entertainment and refreshments and supposedly all had a good time. Some of them, however, were very shy and had to be dragged on the floor to dance.

4. This year Mr. Monroe has organized a Glee Club consisting of forty pupils having good voices. The Club has already been requested to sing at several places.

5. On the Friday before Christmas, the Junior Class held its annual party. There was entertainment and dancing, and a good time was held by all.

6. Our Annual operetta, which was this year "Up in the Air," was held on February 7 and 8. We have Mr. Calderwood, Miss Canning, Miss Williams, Mrs. McGrath, and the students taking part in it to thank for making it such a great success.

7. This year, under the supervision of Mr. Monroe, classes in Specific Voice Training have been formed. These classes deal with the placement, culture, and power of the voice.

9. The class of '29 has presented to the school a fine picture of the Constitutional Convention.

10. On April 19 the new war memorial beside the High School was dedicated. There were several students and teachers present, and the teachers sang a few numbers.

Another Aggie Trip

On May 2 fifteen members of the Agricultural Department started on their annual visit to the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. Upon their arrival, they were assigned to rooms and then went to the various points at which judging contests were about to take place.

The boys participated in these contests and then returned to their boarding places. The boys who were at fraternity houses had an especially good time, as the members of the "frats" did their best to make their visit an enjoyable one. After the evening meal had been eaten, a banquet was given to those 4-H Club members who desired to partake. After this a prize speaking contest was held and prizes were awarded for the judging contests.

Our dairy judging team, consisting of Norman Foskett, Frederick Andrews, and Ralph Mims, received the first prize, a beautiful cup of enormous proportions. Harold Fay placed third in the individual poultry judging contest receiving a very nice bronze medal.

The next morning was spent in various ways; mostly in inspection of the campus, followed by an explanation of the entrance requirements of the college and lunch. A cavalry exhibition and a very interesting baseball game were given in spite of the wind during the afternoon. After supper the Roister Doister Society presented a play.

Sunday, the teams left for home at varying intervals. The fruit team stopped to watch a large forest fire and was pressed into service as volunteer fire fighters on the front lines. The immense fire raged over the entire slopes of Nobscott Mountain which is between Sudbury and Framingham. At last they had to leave the fire and the remainder of their homeward journey was completed without any untoward accidents. *Arthur L. Garland*

Miss Langford: What is a draft in business?
Hunt: A cold wind.

Mr. Brown (choosing a part for Brutus): Greenfield, you will take the part of Greenfield.

PROPHECY

(Continued from page 21)

Aileen McGrath

Bud has started something new. She runs a Day Club for the benefit of night watchmen.

Dorothy McNeil

Dot is now running a tea-room for aviators. It is named "Dew Drop Inn."

Alden Spear Merchant

Biz has gone to England, where he has entered Parliament as a member of the opposition. Perhaps he got ideas from Burke

James Mitchell

Jim is a dog trainer. He has a pup trained so that when he throws a half dollar into the water the dog dives in and brings out a herring and thirty-five cents change.

Edwin Nelson

Ed is Henry Ford's successor. He puts out a one-cylinder external combustion car for $297.63. Shades on all windows.

Aubrey Gene Posey

Aubrey has reached the prodigious height of 7 ft. 3 in. He has special beds and doorways made by the trade school. His occupation is center field for Squedunk.

Irene Frances Purcell

Irene is heading an extensive drive against parking. We blush to admit that several of her victims are W. H. S. graduates.

Ernest Attwood Ralph

Jim has just bought the fastest Ford ever made. He claims 117 m. p. h. for it. Too bad he didn't have it at High School!

Carrie Louisa Randall

Carrie runs a matrimonial bureau. She has already arranged more than 700 perfect matches, among whom are—CENSORED.

Sadie Clara Rappaport

Sadie is the highest paid mannikin in New York. She sold a new gown to the Statue of Liberty.

Mae Elizabeth Raymond

Mae has been made poet laureat by King George. She writes poems for all occasions.

Wilbur Tirrell

Web plans to be a song writer. He not only plans to be; he is. His latest, entitled "Puttin' on the Red," is dedicated to Miss Humphrey.

Joseph Tobin

Joe plays the leading part in the current opera "Il Matcheroso." The theme seems to be "Heads I win, tails you lose."

John Tower

Russ is now a member of metropolitan police. He always was handy with a "billy."

Jeanette Turner

Jeanette always wanted to be different. Now she has succeeded. She makes oblique prism steak instead of cube steak.

William Whitten

In Bill we have another Johnny Weissmuller. His famous "Whitten Special" has replaced the "Robinson Special" in the hearts of American youth.

Wesley Williams

Wes is drawing his way through his classes. Once he was drawn right out of class.

Hilma Neva

Hilma has taken six P. G. courses since '30. She still hopes to make the honor roll just one more time.

Virgil Valicenti

L'il Pal is in great demand as a speaker. He recently spoke in twenty-seven cities in one week; at least, he spoke.

Louise Van Meter

Louise has just won a medal for getting the most ice-cream into a five-cent scoop.

Arnold Ward

Arnold, strange as it may seem, has taken a woman's job. He is Eleanora Sears's rival, having walked from Boston to Providence twice to her once. Cherchez la femme.

Lewis Warnick

Designer for a noted Paris shop. Lewis is already proficient in drawing contours. Things look very promising for him at least.

William Washburn

Bill recently got into communication with a girl on Mars. He's pining away waiting for a rocket to be built. He lives in hope, for she hasn't any television.

Thomas Whitaker

Tom has turned out to be a motor-cycle cop. How he could ever treat us like that is more than we know. He's caught nine of us already.

Catherine Edna O'Brien

Edna is working as secretary to a carpenter mentioned later in this report. She finds inspiration in her work.

Ruth Selma Elizabeth Ogren

Assistant to the chef at the Lotz-Adoh. Ruth can make castor oil taste like champagne.

Helen Eileen O'Halloran

Helen has gone on the stage and has appeared in such productions as "Woozy Weekends" and "Alma Asperin."

Alice Emilia Olson

Alice thought that she would like to run a drugstore; but when a man came in and asked for oarlocks, she gave it up as a bad game.

Lucian Thomas Page

Lu may now be told. He joined the Marines in search of scandal.

Gladys Ida Poole

Gladys has helped the working girl by her latest book, "How to be Successful in Business."

Frank Lawlor

Frank has established his well known Palais D'Or at Monte Carlo, driving the Casino out of business. He says, "I owe all my success to my former classmates."

Barbara Libbey

Barbara has been retained by her college as a professor. She desires to teach at W. H. S., however, and is leaving soon. She says of her college, "It isn't the money; it's the *principal* of the thing."

Louis Lilla

"Lou" has realized a life-long ambition by coaching the champion Olympic team. No doubt he got many pointers in the old days on the track team.

Grace Little

Grace is now a mission worker. She has just gone to Greenland to introduce electric refrigerators to the heathen Eskimos.

Evelyn Loud

Evelyn is the dictation champ. She just made a record for she had a letter all typed before her boss stopped giving it.

Everett Loud

Shrimp has always envied the giants in the circuses; so when the next one dies, he is going to take his place.

Joseph Lukis

A triple treat to any school—on the baseball diamond, triples, triples, triples.

Helyn Spillane

Helyn just negotiated a loan for South Jollopy. She always got what she wanted.

Warren Leroy Hollis

Miggles makes a good living at the receiving end of tonic bottles. He is doubtless the greatest ump since Connoly.

Jessie Squeglia

Jessie is the idol of all Lat'n students. She has written a perfect trot of all the Roman authors, which sells for only $1.00.

Stafford Stoddard

Stafford has trouble with his wife about getting in nights. He is a six-day bicycle racer.

Elsie Stub

Elsie now writes best sellers. She started as a novelist, but she's writing ads now.

Elizabeth Sylvester

Betty is the only woman to fly Weymouth's Great Pond. They say she went up in the air over some remark about one of the bus drivers.

Mary Taylor

Mary has come into deadly conflict with Catherine. Her hatred of drinking is so intense that she had a bill passed removing the bubblers from W. H. S.

Edwin Thomas

Ed is taking his doctors' degree at Dartmouth. His thesis is "On the Mysterious Disappearance of Doughnut Holes." He has bought ten dozen for research purposes.

Ruth Bella Reed

Ruth was recently awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. It seems that she was with Iona Seach when they met one of their teachers.

Charles Parnell Reidy

He is a great real estate agent. Not content with selling the Brooklyn Bridge he recently put across a contract for the renting of the North Pole to a barber shop syndicate.

Andrew Knox Robertson

Andy recently suffered a relapse. It seems that he was trying to think up a new name for his orchestra.

Eleanor Frances Rowe

Eleanor is a well known caterer. She has charge of the cuisine of many hotels, but always lends a helping hand to W. H. S.

Louise Isabel Sawler

Louise is another successful stenographer. She runs true to type.

Tennis

The tennis team had not engaged in a match when the *Reflector* went to press. Three players, Whitten, Brackett, and Clark are back from last year's undefeated team, and chances for another successful season seem bright.

Six matches have been arranged and the boys are planning to enter a tournament, to be held at Brockton, May 31 for the championship of the South Shore.

Milton and Quincy are the new teams on this year's schedule. It was in 1927 that Quincy was last played, and Quincy won 4-1, but this time Weymouth is anxious to turn the tables.

The schedule arranged for this season is as follows:

May 12 at Whitman
May 13 at Milton
May 15 at Scituate
May 22 at Quincy
May 29 at Scituate
May 30 at Whitman
May 31 South Shore Championship

Basketball

The Maroon and Gold basketball team was not favored by the old goddess of luck this season. It may not have been this altogether, but the boys certainly got some tough breaks. If winning consisted of fighting the boys would have been "there," but it doesn't. They had all the fight in the world, but not the technique.

On December 30 the team opened its season with the traditional Alumni Team. This resulted in a victory for the former defenders of the family silver (cup). Then successive defeats at the hands of Chelsea, Dedham, North Attleboro and Quincy followed. These teams were tough opposition. For example, the Chelsea team went to Chicago for the national championships. The first victory came from Rockland on the night of the Senior Party. But this was just a flash in the pan, as Dedham inflicted the next defeat. The best game of the season was with Milton. The boys were behind until towards the end of the last quarter. Then, by a last-minute rally, they pulled the score even. An overtime period followed and although there was scoring, the score was still tied when the boys entered the second overtime frame. This proved their Waterloo, as the visitors won on a free throw. Then Braintree, Plymouth, M. N. T. S., and Chelsea put the spirits and the team in the cellar. Milton Academy proved a bracer, for the boys secured a win there. The season finished with defeats at the hands of North Attleboro, Rockland, Quincy, and Braintree. The basketball team of this year was made up of: Capt. Fisher, Posey, Stella, J. Stetson, T. Stetson, Branley, Curtin, Lilla, Whitaker, and Carroll. The "ponies" were: Higgins, Foskett, Murray, Johnson, Sullivan and Neptune.

TRADE SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row, left to right—Bennett, c; Branley, f; Infusino, g; Thomas (Capt.), f; Pica, f; White, g.

Back Row—Mr. Steele, Coach; Cowing, f; Delorey, g; Cavallo, c; Delorey, g; Keegan, f; Mr. Whipple, Director.

TRACK

Front Row—McNeil, '32; Washburn, '31; Peterson, '33; Little, '33; Striano, '33; Zeoli, '33.

Second Row—Driscoll, '30; Keohan, '30; Thomas, '30; Tower, '30; Denbroeder, '30; Lilla, '30; Sullivan, '31; Doble, '30; Rodger, '32.

Back Row—Craig, '32; Grogan, '30; Elkington, '30; Brackett, '30; W. Washburn, '30; Doyle (Mgr.), '30; Quirk, '33; Foskett, '31.

Track

Indoor Track

For the first time Weymouth High was represented by an indoor track team this year. All the men not in basketball could be seen plodding around the gym, and the greater part were not plodding ploddingly, either. Some practice was put in at Clapp's Gym, but the track there, although banked, is too small, to be of any appreciable use. In spite of these odds the boys placed second in the South Shore Indoor Interscholastics in the Brockton Y. M. C. A. building February 15. Abington was first with 34 points to Weymouth's collection of 29½. Plymouth cleaned up 15 points for third. Doble was high scorer for Weymouth with first in the 300 yard run and second in the potato race. Tower got the blue ribbon in the 600 and Keohan second place in the 1000. Lilla also had two places to his credit, third in the 600 and fourth in the 300. Norman Foskett was third in the shot-put as was Denbroeder in the high-jump and Washburn in the 1000. Valicenti was fourth in the potato race. *E. B. T. '30*

Basketball

To begin with, I had not practised. To keep on going, my bloomers were sadly in need of repair. To end with, I was playing guard. In the center, the players were standing tense. Unconsciously, I give my bloomers a tug. Up goes the ball; up go the centers. Bim! the forward catches it, snap! the rubber breaks. Oh—! I run over the floor one bloomer leg down to my ankle, striving to guard the most lively forward I've ever encountered. The forward passes. My partner intercepts. I prance into view. Bloomer slides. I try to make amends. Partner throws. Whif! Say, where'd that come from? "Ball out! Take it Yellow. Guard Blue!" Shades of Saint Peter! How can I run? Yellow throws, I jump. Bloomers slide. Oh, Gee! Yellow shots (Technical term. No harm). Score changes. Ball goes to the center. Centers jump. Ball goes to Blues. Fight Blue. Fight! Darn! Ball is in center. Yellow has it. "Guard her!" I run. Bloomers slide—they think I'm playing baseball—I'm glad I'm not! I jump. Whistle blows. "Over guarding!" Oh, well! Free throw. Another point. All on account of bloomers! Why don't we wear running pants? Ball out! "Take it, Blue!" I stumble after it. One hand is employed in the great hold-up problem. With the other I throw to the Centers. Heck! No, you can't do two things at once! Partners groan! I run! Great for reducing. Centers pass. Blue forward catches. Great! Forward throws. Score changes! Whistle blows. Players change. Bloomers relieved. All's well! But way don't we wear running pants? *M. Pray '31*

Football 1929

The football team finished a fairly good season with the Bridgewater game. They showed good fight all through the season.

The captaincy was shared by Joe Lukis and Eric Jacobson. Both were star players in the backfield and line respectively. The season started with a 6-0 defeat by Abington. This game was played with only two days of practice, and showed of what stuff the team was made. The road to recovery seemed brighter by a 0-0 tie with Belmont, but Revere set us back 6-0. Not to be submerged by this, the boys tied Winthrop 0-0 and won the first game of the season from Whitman 26-0. The team was now fourteen points ahead of the opponents total, but a 26-0 setback at the hands of Dedham put us twelve under again. The boys did not convalesce quickly enough, and Marblehead hooked them 7-0. But every smirch was erased and every defeat forgiven when the boys beat Hingham 13-12 in one of the hardest fought games of the season. The season ended on a muddy field at Bridgewater, 0-0. In this game the boys didn't look so hot. Probably if they had, they'd have steamed.

The squad was composed of: Williams, Lilla, Tower, Jones, and Duffy, ends; Jacobson, Posey, Whitaker, Foskett, tackles; Sehleiff, Hoglund, Monahan, guards; Moulton, Bailey, center; Lukis, Johnson, Valicenti, "Bob" and "Wallie" Doble, Taylor, backs.

The scores:

Weymouth	0—Abington 6
Weymouth	0—Belmont 0
Weymouth	0—Revere 6
Weymouth	0—Winthrop 0
Weymouth	26—Whitman 0
Weymouth	0—Dedham 26
Weymouth	0—Marblehead 7
Weymouth	13—Hingham 12
Weymouth	0—Bridgewater 0

Totals: Weymouth 39, Opponents 57

E. Thomas '30

Trade School Athletics

For the first time Weymouth Vocational School joined the Vocational School Basketball League, and completed a schedule of ten games, winning four and losing six. Two of the games were lost by one point.

The following men reported to Coach Steele: Branley, J. Thomas, Infusino, White, Pica, Delorey, Cowing, Keegan, Cavallo, Pomarico, Jacobson, Hoglund, and J. Stetson.

Following is a list of the games with their results:

Weymouth	33	Somerville	17
Weymouth	32	Everett	17
Everett	33	Weymouth	20
Haverhill	23	Weymouth	8
Weymouth	11	Quincy	8
Haverhill	25	Weymouth	14
Lowell	25	Weymouth	24
Weymouth	19	Somerville	9
Quincy	14	Weymouth	13
Lowell	31	Weymouth	21

The first team consisted of Branley, White, J. Thomas (Capt.), Bennett, Pica and Infusino.

Highest scorers were J. Thomas, Branley and Pica.

Earle Lane '31

Baseball

Weymouth has been represented by a better baseball team than usual this year. The boys, under coach Lyons, started as a unit after the first interclass games, from which the material was picked. They played first at Milton and came home victors 19-9. The next game was with Abington, and the cold weather helped set it on ice to the tune of 7-5. Abington came to Weymouth again May 6 and again Weymouth came through 6-4. In the last two games, several of the regulars were absent, but the others, though not so finished as a whole, pulled together well.

The squad consisted of: Stella, Lukis, Denbroeder, Posey, Burrel, Curtin, Gilligan, Taylor, Gould, Sjostedt, Fisher, Foskett, Valicenti, Harrington, and Neptune.

Dave Stella is playing a great game at catch. He is doing his best to follow Coach Lyon's instructions to "talk it up."

Joe Lukis and Russ Denbroeder comprise the pitching staff. Both played in the Milton game at pitch, and took turns on the two Abington games, Russ taking the first and Joe the second. When not pitching, they alternate at center field.

The infield consists of Posey, at first; Burrell, at second; Gilligan, at short stop; and Sjostedt, at third. "Roses" manages to spear all and sundry that are hurled in his general direction. Burrell and Gilligan manage to keep the center infield tight, while "Jockey" holds down third. His specialty, however, is getting bases on balls.

The outfield consists of Fisher, P. Foskett and either Denbroeder or Lukis. No kick has been registered yet on their account.

Although it is early in the season, the Weymouth High School baseball team's future looks bright.

The schedule for 1930 was:

April 22 Milton at Milton
April 25 Abington at Abington
May 6 Abington at Home
May 13 Bridgewater at Home
May 16 Rockland at Home
May 23 Braintree at Braintree
May 27 Milton at Home
May 28 Whitman at Whitman
May 29 Quincy at Home
June 6 Quincy at Quincy
June 13 Whitman at Home
also: Bridgewater at Bridgewater
Rockland at Rockland
(Both games postponed)

Tennis

The Tennis team, though it has not yet played, has a bright future. Fully two thirds of the last year's squad are back. The team of last year were champions of the South Shore. The team consists of Clark, Whitten, and Brackett. Others may be recruited.

Thomas '30

Trade Baseball

Candidates for baseball have been called out by Coach Steele.

Mr. Whipple has scheduled about ten games.

We are looking forward to a very successful season.

The following have reported for the team: DeCoste, J. Thomas, Bennett, Lockhart, LeMay, Markarian, Cowing, Cavallo, Baumeister, Leone, Jones, and Danubio.

Earle Lane '31

Track

The track season bodes fair for Weymouth. A better team than usual has turned out and results are expected. We have had no meets to date, so it is difficult to say how the boys will stand up under "foreign" opposition. But in the Interclass Meet the seniors copped first place, permitting the sophomores to be second, the juniors third and the freshmen last. The victors acquired some 60 points, the opponent getting 28½, 16½, 8 respectively.

The squad consists of: Abbott, Craig, Denbroeder, Doble, Driscoll, Elkington, N. Foskett, P. Foskett, Gould, Grogan, Kemp, Keohan, Lilla, Little, McNeil, Monahan, Peterson, Quirk, Rodger, Spaulding, Stewart, Striano, Sullivan, Thomas, Tower, Vining, Ward, J. Washburn, W. Washburn.

The schedule:

April 15	Interclass Meet
May 8	Hingham at home
May 12	Abington at home
May 15	Plymouth at home
May 21	Kingston at Home (Pending)
May 27	Braintree at home
May 21	Brockton District Meet
June 7	Quadrangular at Quincy
June 12	Milton at Milton

Mr. O'Donnell to Miss Grieves: Turn around and get under the desk!

Class Baseball

In an attempt to pick baseball players, Coach Lyons started class baseball this year. All four classes were represented. The sophs seemed to have the edge, with the seniors second and the frosh third. The juniors, to use the vernacular, weren't as hot.

The season opened with the soph-frosh game on April 10. The sophs won, 9-8, in ten innings. The next day the seniors stopped after five innings. The score was at that period 30-2, and the seniors were tender hearted. April 15 saw the fall of the mighty, as the sophs beat the seniors 13-8. But the class of '30 came back May 5 to the tune of 14-4 against the sophs. There still remains:

May 7	Freshman-Senior
May 8	Soph-Junior
May 9	Junior-Freshman
May 12	Freshman-Senior
May 14	Soph-Junior
May 15	Freshman-Soph
May 19	Senior-Junior
May 21	Freshman-Junior

Miss Seach (Eng. IV A2): Macbeth shouldn't have lost his head in the battle.

B. Grieves says she is going to be a missionary or a detective—she doesn't know which.

Oliver E. Peaslee
Locksmith
Wheels Re-tired *General Repairing*
Jackson Sq. E. Weymouth

Schofield's
Socony Gas and Oils
Commercial Sq. E. Weymouth
Telephone Wey. 1709

HERBERT M. TRUE
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS
Washington Square
Telephone Braintree 1540

WEYMOUTH
PUBLIC MARKET
Washington Square
Bill Connell, *Prop.*

The Way of the World

Fifth Avenue was teeming with life. The great Shawmut Bank had flung open its doors at nine o'clock, and a steady line of people was passing in and out.

In an expensive suite of the Palace Hotel on Astor Street, a refined looking gentleman clothed in a blue bathrobe, lolled on a cushioned window seat, idly puffing a gold tipped cigarette, from the tip of which rose a thin stream of perfumed smoke that twisted lazily up to the rose colored, mosaic ceiling.

After contemplating the hustle and bustle below for a few moments, he rose, tossed the cigarette into a carved silver ash tray and crossed the room, his slippered feet sinking into the voluptuous softness of the dark blue, Persian rug at every step. Pushing aside a heavily beaded curtain, he entered another room, and the curtain fell into place behind him.

Five minutes later the curtain was thrust aside, and he emerged clad in a light gray suit and pulling on a pair of suede gloves. Crossing the room again, he opened the door and stepped out into the hall.

"Your car today, sir?" came a respectful voice at his elbow.

"No, not today, Buttridge. And have my wardrobe packed. We're leaving in two hours."

The young man turned and strolled out the arched entrance and bent his steps in the direction of the Shawmut Bank.

At one of the windows in the bank a young lady dressed in furs was putting a large roll of bills into a shiny brown pocketbook.

"Fifteen thousand dollars! Just enough for that necklace in Tiffany's." Tucking the pocketbook under one arm, she minced daintily out the door and down the steps. At the bottom she was abruptly startled out of her daydreaming by being nicely jolted. The pocketbook fell to the ground. Dazed, she stood still while the man that had accosted her so discourteously stooped and retrieved the pocketbook and handed it to her with a deep bow.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said as he held the pocketbook out in one gloved hand.

Taking the pocketbook, she let her eyes travel slowly up to the man's face.

Suddenly she gave a gasp of recognition.

"Oh!" she stammered, a blush mounting to her cheeks.

"Yes?" queried the young man still gazing at the pocketbook and smiling.

"I—I thought you were going away."

"I might have if I hadn't met the most beautiful girl in the world at a dance last night."

"I—well—I have some business to attend to," she dimpled, with a coquettish glance at the young man from under long black eye lashes

"But—perhaps I will see you again—since you have decided to stay awhile."

"I sincerely hope so," returned the young man, "and I also have some business so I will bid you au revoir!"

Smiling again, he walked away into the crowd.

"He certainly looks nice in that gray suit," the young lady murmured, as she gazed after his retreating figure.

Meanwhile the young man had paused in front of a large department store.

"Oblong, brown, shiny, gold clasp—that ought to be easy," he thought. He disappeared through the door and reappeared a few moments later. Hurrying across the street he walked swiftly down the avenue.

After he had crossed another street and walked ten more blocks, he halted in front of a jewelry store and stood calmly, seeming to gaze, at the glittering display, but in reality scrutinizing carefully the people passing behind him.

"I wonder what she would think if she knew I had been keeping tabs on her for the past week?" he soliloquized. Suddenly he stiffened, his glance resting on a fur clad figure that had come up beside him and stood gazing into the window.

"Now is the time," he muttered. His darting gaze spotted a ragged, unkempt man a few feet away. Pulling his right hand out of his pocket, he edged near the girl. It shot out like a striking snake and snatched the pocketbook and was back in a flash.

He had not reckoned on the sense of feeling of the girl, however. She felt around a moment and then screamed. Her movements were a warning; again his hand came into sight with the pocketbook. It flashed across his body, his left hand relaying it to the poeket of the tramp.

The girl sprang toward the gray suited young man crying, "My pocketbook!"

A policeman rushed to the scene. "What's going on here?" he bellowed."

"My pocketbook!—This man"—she sobbed incoherently.

"Oh, a pickpocket, eh?" retorted the policeman clapping his hand upon the young man's shoulder.

"No, you don't," cried the officer, grasping the young man firmly as he made a dive for the edge of the rapidly collecting crowd.

"That man! Hold that man!" shouted the young man, who struggled vainly in the clutch of the burly policeman.

"Bring that man here!" he cried pointing to the ragged tramp. Seeing the looks of the crowd bent upon him, the tramp started to melt into the mob. He was instantly collared and brought up to the policeman.

"I ain't done nothing," he muttered looking furtively at the policeman.

"Now," said the young man, "if one of you gentlemen will look in his right hand pocket, I think you will find the missing article."

One of the men dived into the pocket and brought forth a shiny brown pocketbook.

"Is this yours, ma'am," he asked the distrait young lady.

"Yes! Yes!" she cried, eagerly grasping the pocketbook.

Turning quickly to the officer and his prisoner, she sobbed, "How can you ever forgive me?"

"It's all a mistake, officer. I thought this man took my pocketbook."

"Well, he doesn't look like a pickpocket, if you ask me," answered the officer.

"You know, sir, we sometimes have to act without thinking."

"That's quite all right, officer, and by the way, I don't think you had better lock that man up. I don't think the young lady will prosecute."

"Just as you say," answered the officer.

"And now may I escort you to the end of your journey," offering his arm to the young lady.

"Yes, if you can forgive me," she answered tucking the precious poeketbook out of sight.

Ten minutes later they arrived at the door of her apartment. Ascending the steps, she turned to him.

"When shall I see you again?"

"Do you really wish to see me again?" he asked softly.

"Yes," she answered, and dropped her eyes.

Suddenly she rose up on tiptoe and kissed him squarely on the lips, tore open the door

and, then spoke through the crack to the astonished young man.

"That is your reward." And the door closed gently.

The young man stood silent for a moment and then descended the steps and vanished in the crowd.

Three hours later, in a room in a small, costly hotel about a hundred and thirty miles from the city, a young man sat in front of a table, on which was a shiny, brown pocketbook and a large roll of bills.

"I'm glad she didn't have to open that pocketbook to give me my reward," he said, laughing softly.

R. Kibby '30

Uncle's Story

Uncle: Mr. A. C. Steele, a well-known cotton mill owner from South Hemstitch, entered the Forty-First National Bank at Oswego. He went to the office of the president of the bank and had a talk with him that lasted some time. Finally Mr. Steele came out of the private office looking quite confident.

I was in the bank at the time, and when I saw Mr. Steele come out of the president's private office, I recognized him immediately. He saw me and came over to where I was and had a long talk with me. I told him that I hadn't visited the bank for some time and that I had come to-day to deposit a couple of thousand dollars. The talk drifted on and on without his mentioning why he had come. I then asked him if he knew the president very well. He told me that he didn't know him personally, but that he was after a loan of $50,000, and that he had got it.

When he told me this, two well-dressed young men about the age of twenty-five went out the door. Soon after, Mr. Steele and I went out. Across the street I again saw the two men leaning against a roadster. I don't recall what kind.

Mr. Steele went in one direction and I went in another. After I had gone a few hundred yards, I looked behind me and saw the two men following Mr. Steele. I turned and followed them. They weren't following him for any good reason. They followed him to his house, and when he turned, they kept walking along. Going in, I told Mr. Steele what I had seen. He had been aware of the fact, expecting to be hit over the head any minute. I decided to stay with him for any excitement that might come.

He put the money into his wall safe. We ate and talked and then went to bed about ten o'clock. I couldn't sleep on account of being so excited. I heard the town clock strike twelve and then half past. It was shortly after that that I heard a tapping noise at one of the downstairs back windows.

I slipped on a pair of trousers over my pajamas and put on my slippers. I went downstairs as quietly as I could. When I got to the kitchen, I was struck by a cold draft. Through an open window two figures were coming in. The clock struck one—

Nephew: Which one?

(And after that remark Uncle could not finish his story.) *M. Sherman '30*

On Being Twelve

Somehow I hate to leave school. I've had a corking time here, made friends, joked, taken exams. And once these things are gone, you can never get them back again. The future calls, and if you refuse to listen and come back for a P. G. (not that that is the unusual reason), it's not the same. Most of the P. G's. wander around school like a dog without a home. They seem to have rather a lonely time of it. And when you go on into the future, offices, homes, colleges, and the rest—well, there are the friends and the jokes, but it's not the same. You've said goodbye to childhood with its freedom and fun and taken up your burden of the problems of life. When I was twelve, I thought it was the nicest age to be at, and I still do. I wish I were like Peter Pan and would never grow up. I don't want to be grown up. I don't want ever to have to decide things. I want to be twelve, when you aren't a baby and you aren't grown up, when you can do pretty much what you please. You can be selfish and lazy and happy, gloriously happy, when you're twelve. All through the years of high school, I've been losing this precious, intangible, incredible freedom. I want it so, and it is mine no longer. I have to go on facing the future (in hot, dusty offices, in stupid, noisy class rooms), in a home where new, hateful questions may arise each day. And my motto is: "Rejoice, we conquer!"

P. Clark '30

Lucky Forgetfulness

Doris threw down her papers with a sigh. "I'm going to quit this place. Gee, nothing but complaints come in here, Ol' Gramps threatened to fire me yesterday—the grouch, I'll show him. Needn't think he's gonna put 'nything over on me! No, sir, just wait 'll he comes in! Oh! There's his son, gee, isn't he grand? Wish *he* was my boss. hn—hn! Maybe then my third finger wouldn't be so lonesome, then aloud, "Oh, good morning."

"Good morning, Miss Single, I'm taking over the business because my father has had a nervous breakdown and has been sent away for a month."

"Oh, gee, isn't that great—oh—oh—I mean too *bad*. I'm *so* sorry."

"Yes," replied Mr. Robert Hall, Jr. and passed on into his private office. Bob was just out of college. In fact he'd been hurried along as he was too full of pranks to suit the faculty. But now he was determined to settle down and save his father's business. If he could.

"Miss Single, come here a moment, please," demanded Bob.

"Coming, Mr. Hall," answered Doris, diving into the desk drawer for her note book and pencil; then up she jumped and fairly ran for the door. Strange actions— she had never acted this way for Mr. Hall, *Sr.* Doris was almost at the door when suddenly her face went pale, and she cried. "Oh, just a moment, please, Bob—er—I mean Mr. Hall—I forgot something."

Rushing back to her desk, she searched frantically for something. It turned out to be a little silver thing, from which she extracted a small puff and tapped her nose lightly with it, and gazed for a moment at the reflection in the little mirror, evidently with satisfaction, for she snapped it to and hurriedly made for the office.

Mr. Hall looked up as she entered and said: "Miss Single, the phones are out of order all through this building and I've got to get word to my broker to see if he will sell U. S. Cordage stock—all of it and buy the same amount of Tartar Airline Stock. And so, if you'll go into one of the stores and phone him this message." Here he handed her a piece of paper. "You know, Miss Single," he continued, "that office closes at twelve sharp and it's now 11:33. So hurry! You can have the rest of the day off."

"Oh, thanks, that's right. This is Saturday, isn't it?" said Doris.

Most strange. First time Doris Single ever forgot when Saturday came around.

"Well, awright, 'bye, Mr. Hall," called Doris on her way out.

Gee, she thought, he sure looks worried. Gosh, wish I could help him. Now where did I put that paper? Oh, here 'tis! Now let's see . . . . .

Skipping quickly down the hall and out to the sidewalk, Doris bumped squarely into a tall, light, good-looking young man, whose face lighted up when he discovered who it was that tried to bump him off the universe.

"Hello, Doris, where you going in such a hurry?" he asked.

"Hi-o, Jack, where were you going?"

"Up to see you."

"Yeah, tell that to someone who'd believe you. Say, you haven't been up to see me in a dog's age."

"I have."

"You haven't."

"Well, let's not argue here. Follow me, Little One, and we'll join the scintillating crowd at the overcrowded beach. Then tonight we'll just go places and who knows who'll we see and what we'll do. What d'ya say?"

"Gee, I don't know."

"Sure, you do, come on, jump into my car."

"O. K., Jack, let's go. Here we go for a hot old time."

At the beach they joined "the crowd." Doris tired of Jack and ran to the pier and jumped out into one of the little out-board motorboats. Once started, it skitted from wave to wave. Suddenly the light boat tipped and in she went. Doris could swim; so she didn't mind the dipping, but, as she sank down she suddenly thought of the stocks. Then like a flash all life seemed to leave her—

"Oh, help! blub—blub—Help! I'm gonna faint" and she did right into the arms of Jack, who had followed her in another boat and now carried her to shore. On coming to, she demanded to be taken home, and so after much pleading, Jack speeded her home as fast as he could. There she spent that night and Sunday

in misery, crying and fearing to meet Bob on Monday. Then she realized that this might lose her job, but she hardly thought of this—she feared what might happen to Bob.

She confided in her sister "Barbs" and told all she had done and all about Bob.

"Say, you must think he's about right, huh? Forget him. He doesn't know you live except for the time you take up and the salary he has to pay you. Why—"

"Oh, stop, Barbs, I spose you think you're helping me out, but you're not. Oh, go way, please; I want to cry in peace. Oh—h—h!"

"Awright, kiddie, forgive me. I know how 'tis. Gee, I didn't mean to hurt you, honey."

"That's all right, Barbs. Oh, what a fool I was! What do you spose he'll do? How I dread it! Just eleven hours and thirty-five minutes more, and oh—h—."

At nine o'clock Doris was seated at her desk, very pale and typing fast and furiously. She watched the door like a cat. Each time a step was heard outside the door she jumped. Finally it opened and Bob walked slowly across the room and into his office without a word to Doris. His face was downcast and he walked with a slight stoop. His voice and appearance were of despair.

After a half-hour of agony for Doris, in which she was trying to brave herself to go in to face Bob, he suddenly cried, "Miss Single, have you the most recent copy of the Tribune?"

"No, I haven't. Just a minute 'n I'll get you one at the counter downstairs."

She rushed downstairs and brought back a copy to Bob.

"Thank you," said Bob, "Hm—m, where's the stocks, ah—here they are. Let's see. Tamper—Tapner Insurance—here it is—Tartar Airline—Oh—Oh—! It—It's way down! We're ruined. And look—U. S. CORDAGE IS WAY UP—Why did I tell you to sell it, Doris."

"Oh, Bob, why—why," stammered Doris—he called her *Doris*, hm—Barbs was wrong after all. "Why I—I didn't sell your stock—you see I for—"

"You didn't!" cried Bob, jumping up and grasping her by her arms. "Quick, tell me—tell me—is that right!"

"Y—yes, but p—please stop s—shaking me!" said Doris.

"But it was not to my credit, because I—I forgot to call your broker."

She stood very shamefully with her head down.

"It doesn't matter. Why, Doris, you've brought us back up to the standard and all. Why it's wonderful."

A month later Mr. Hall, Sr. returned. On returning, he congratulated Doris for her brilliance in foreseeing the values to the stocks.

Her first thought was:

"How distinguished he looks. Musta done him good to go 'away.' Wish I had the chance."

Mr. Hall interrupted her thoughts. "Have you had your lunch, Miss Single?"

"Why, no, I haven't," replied Dot.

"Well,—ahem—will you do me the honor?" invited Mr. Hall.

"Yes, with pleasure—one moment, please," accepted Doris.

When Bob Hall, Jr. arrived at his own apartment that evening, he found a telegram waiting for him. It read:

"Dear Son:

"Doris and I were married this morning stop see you next month. Love,

"*Mother* and Dad."

L. Warnick '30

Graduates Take Heed!

Graduation is one of the proudest moments of a person's life. It is similar to a launching—when the ship is sent out into the water to be tested. Thus the graduate is sent into the world, a cruel world at its best. He either drifts aimlessly along, taking things as they come, or he becomes dissatisfied with this dreary existence and reaches for something higher—success. Success can not be obtained without a great deal of effort. Success in the eyes of the world means a display of wealth, yet are wealthy people always successful? The answer is no. Therefore it is not wealth we must obtain, but service that we must give. Service is the quickest way to success. It is not always paid for by silver and greenbacks, but it brings a certain happiness, rendered by the thought that you are necessary to the world, that you play an important role in life.

J. Turner '30

Igna: Whot am a statistical organization?

Ramus: Dat's whot makes de static on de radio.

Freddie's Wager

Freddie Clarke, the shoe salesman at Hammond's Shoe Store, had come to Bellevue the previous year. Besides being a shoe clerk, Freddie also acted as chauffeur for the wealthy Mr. Hammond.

One day a fashionably-dressed girl entered the store, and asked to look at some shoes. She was attracted by dapper Freddie, and said to herself: "He certainly doesn't look like an ordinary shoe salesman."

She ordered six pairs of shoes, and said to Freddie: "I have a charge account here. Please charge these shoes to Alicia Freeman, 14 Mayfair Avenue."

Freddie watched her drive away in a smart yellow sport roadster. He said to himself: "Six pairs of shoes! Hm! She must be a society girl, if she lives on Mayfair Avenue. Oh, that reminds me I have to drive Mr. Hammond to a party tonight."

That evening, Freddie found he had to take Hammond to a masquerade ball. A small private gathering met at the home of Mrs. Van Asquith, the most prominent social leader in Bellevue. It so happened that one of the men had found at the last minute that he was unable to attend. This left an uneven number of guests.

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Van Asquith in a worried tone. "That will never do. It will just ruin the dance." She was baffled. All her friends were busy that evening.

As Freddie came up to ask Hammond what time to call for him, Mrs. Van Asquith was struck by Freddie's gentlemanly appearance. She resolved to invite him to stay for the evening's entertainment. Freddie, although dubious as to the wisdom of this act, consented to substitute. He was fitted out in a Spanish costume that Mrs. Van Asquith kept for such emergencies.

So Freddie danced with the city's elite, and pretended that he was one of them. Everyone asked who the tall, handsome stranger was. June Seaman, the daughter of a wealthy broker, said to Mrs. Van Asquith:

"My dear Mrs. Van Asquith, who is that perfectly charming fellow in the Spanish costume? Please give me an introduction."

Now Mrs. Van Asquith had no idea who the man was. But she was not going to be outwitted. No, sir! Not she. So she used the name of a man whom she knew to be in Europe, and said to June:

"Why, he is the son of an old friend of the family. He has been abroad for several years, and returned only last week. His name is—er—Peter Salisbury. Come right over, and I'll introdnce you. As they walked across the room, Mrs. Van Asquith thought:

"Well, I've certainly put my foot in it now. I should have known better than to invite that strange man to stay. I hope he doesn't look too surprised when I introduce him as Mr. Salisbury. As Mrs. Van Asquith nervously introduced June Seaman, she said: "Miss Seaman, may I present Mr. Salisbury?" An incredulous look spread over the face of Freddie Clarke, but he managed to murmur:

"How do you do, Miss Seaman." Inwardly, he fumed. "How on earth do you suppose she found out?"

Lovely June was immediately captivated by the charming manner of Mr. Salisbury. When her best friend, Alicia Freeman, arrived, June rushed up to her and babbled excitedly:

"Alicia, there's the most charming man here tonight that I've seen for a year. His name is Peter Salisbury. He's just back from Europe, and he's handsome, and Alicia, I think I've fallen in love with him already."

"Well, well, I must meet this dashing knight errant. Introduce me, will you?"

When Alicia found herself being introduced to the shoe salesman, she thought: "Now, how do you account for that? I'll swear that's the same man I saw working in the shoe store this afternoon. The faker! I wonder if he thinks he can crash the gate that way and get away with it." Freddie offered no sign of recognition, so Alicia merely replied icily: "How do you do, Mr. Salisbury."

The next day she said to June: "My dear, I hate to tell you this, but I simply *wouldn't* want you to fall in love with that impossible Salisbury man. He's nothing but a shoe clerk, my dear!"

"A shoe clerk! Why, Alicia, how can you say that? Mrs. Van Asquith herself introduced me, and she told me that he was an old friend of the family, just back from abroad."

"Well, just the same he *is* a shoe clerk. If you don't believe me, I'll take you down right

now, and you can see for yourself. Do you want to?"

"Yes, I guess so."

So the girls climbed into the roadster, and drove up to the shoe store. Sure enough, dapper Freddie was on duty. As the girls entered, Alicia whispered: "Now, June Seaman, what did I tell you? Do you believe me now?"

"Yes," murmured June, romance fled, "let's get out of here." But before they had a chance to leave Freddie said:

"Is there something you would like, Miss Freeman?"

"No," retorted Alicia, "I just wanted to convince my friend that you *are* a shoe clerk, and not a—er—a—well, what you pretend to be."

"Just a moment!" His commanding voice halted their footsteps. "Would you care to listen to what *I* have to say?"

As June and Alicia had nothing else to occupy their attention, they assented. So Freddie told this tale:

"I was invited because one of Mrs. Van Asquith's guests was not able to come. I drove Mr. Hammond over, and Mrs. Van Asquith asked me merely to fill in. When she introduced me by the name of Peter Salisbury, I was astonished. I didn't suppose anyone knew my identity. For I *am* Peter Salisbury. My father is Marcus Salisbury, the millionaire. He became disgusted with me and made a bet that I never would be able to support myself for a year wholly by own efforts. Angrily, I took him up on his bet. I left my father's house with empty pockets. After wandering around for a while, I secured a position in this store. For a year I've made my own living, and I haven't touched one red cent of my father's. Next week I'm going home and show him that I've made good. That is how I happen to be working here."

"And shall you give up this position?" asked June breathlessly.

"Oh, no," replied Peter, alias Freddie, "I shall continue to support myself."

Three months later, the following article appeared in the paper:

"Mr. and Mrs. Seaman announce the engagement of their daughter, June, to Mr. Peter Salisbury, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Salisbury of Plymouth and Lynn."

Mae Raymond '30

Caius Julius Caesar

Mr. Caesar, the celebrated author of a high-school textbook in a foreign language, was born in 100 and died in 44. At the first blush it would seem that this gentleman lived backwards but such was not the case, as people in his day tore the last page of the calendar off first. Julius was a great favorite with himself, and his textbook is a veritable greenhouse of self-presented bouquets. After writing his autobiography, he expurgated it, leaving out all his defeats and thereby shortening it considerably. For this act many thousands of his readers have been truly grateful. Nevertheless, "J. C." would have been a greater favorite with posterity had he not conversed so often in indirect discourse.

Mr. Caesar caused the Bureau of Vital Statistics many sleepless nights. He is said to have been responsible for the death of 1,000,000 men—a record that has never been eclipsed, even by the modern medical fraternity, or the Brotherhood of Automobile Chauffeurs. He, therefore, was greatly unpopular with the life insurance companies, causing many of them to go into the hands of receivers.

As a political boss, he had his modern prototypes beaten to a frazzle. Betting on the election in his day was an impossible proposition, since he held every important office for life including dictator, tribune, and censor of motion pictures. Mr Caesar gained much fame by crossing the Rubicon, a little one-horse stream; while the late President Wilson crossed the Atlantic, a much more difficult feat and an act that caused only passing comment. Possibly the former had a better press agent.

During the last year of his life Mr. Caesar suffered a painful accident. While lauding himself in the Senate, he was attacked by a number of old friends, who playfully cut holes in his person with their daggers. The principals of this episode were severely censured for their ill-minded pleasantry by Mark Antony, William Shakespeare, and others, and one by one they moved out of town. Thus ended the career of Caius Julius Caesar, Esq.

M. DeBoer '30

A. Bell (translating Virgil): "And a huge snake with seven curls climbed out of the tomb."

Youth

Eddy was in need of a job—not a position—a job. You just have to have one now-a-days; it takes money to take a girl to the show three times a week, especially if she's the "gold-d gger" type. So, with great effort on the part of our hero, he found himself in the employ of the "Dwight Soda Fountain Co."

His work wasn't slinging "Under the Moon" sundaes or serving beautiful Lakewood damsels who happened in, but he (although it hurt his seventeen year-old pride and dignity to mention it outside the family) swept the floors and was a general help (?) all round.

Everyone has heard of the philosopher and optimists who sing of the infinite joy one is able to derive from even the lowliest labor—but Eddy failed to see any joy in his work. He hated it; it was bad enough to be seen while sweeping the floors (by his mother) not to say a word about Jim his boy-friend, but when Elaine saw him, it was enough to try the patience of Job. But when Saturday night came, Eddy proudly displayed his pay envelope before his entirely unbelieving family:

"Where'd ya swipe it?" asked his little brother.

"Did some one leave you some money?" sarcastically remarked Jane.

"Oh, well, if you feel that way about it," declared Eddy in an injured tone, "I'll spend it before I get home, and then you'll be sorry!" With this he made a dignified exit, somewhat spoiled by the frolicking Quixote, the family hound.

At seven o'clock he decided to go over to Elaine's, away from the harangning of his non-understanding family; but she very kindly maneuvered him to the "Palace" to see Richard Barthelmess in "Son of the Gods"—she understood him!

This unheard-of bliss was fated—McClellan Warner put his appearance in and fairly captured the fickle heart of Elaine. He was a poet, a dreamer, a thinker, and also a "Sissy," as Eddy declared. He wore a flowing black tie and a far-away expression adorned his physiognomy; it was the expression that went to Elaine's heart. Nothing short of a funeral could persuade her to break a "date" with McClellan; they sat for hours on Elaine's front porch reading poetry.

Meantime Eddy, in his lonely room, was enjoying a period of heartbreaking seclusion; the world was against him; he abhorred the fair sex; he never could love another! All they wanted was for him to amuse them and then when some mooney individual came along they dropped him.

"Hi, Eddy! Eddy, say what's got into you lately? Come on out and see my car. I just got it, been saving my money since Christmas—want to ride in it?"

"An' how!" yelled Eddy coming out of his lethargy. "Gee, it's great! I wish I had one—that's an idea. I'll save my money and get one and McClellan can read poetry to Elaine till he's blue in the face. Step on it and hit forty, Jim!"

Roberta Smith '30

Side Lights of Studying

As I sit and try to study
At my desk with zeal and zest,
There are thoughts which come a-stealing
And detract me from my quest.

Sometimes they are light and airy,
For no substance they contain;
They are vague and misty day dreams,
Filled with joy and stripped of pain.

Many are these flighty fancies
Which have caused my mind to shirk—
But not for long, for the teacher
Brings me sharply back to work.

Marion Belcher '30

The Test of Friendship

I've often scanned the faces of my friends,
And wondered if, when trouble came to me,
They'd prove the fickle beings fortune sends,
Who fly in fear when misery they see.

And now a sorrow, black as winter's night,
Descends upon my weary, aching heart;
One happy thought shines like a golden light—
My friends have proved true friends, and played their part.

And this I count the greatest thing in life—
To find, in troubled times, friends staunch and true;
And once again I've heart to face the strife,
With happy smile and dead hopes born anew.

Otto Mason '32

Alice

It was settled. Alice was to marry James Shovel de Colesenttle. Although this was not pleasing to Alice, she was forced to consent. J. C. had plenty of money and he belonged to the higher class of society. It is true that no one knew where J. C.'s money came from. Nevertheless, he had it and would soon have Alice. He was a thin, dark-complexioned, melodious villain. His dress was immaculate and his manners were charming.

One may say, why wouldn't any girl be proud to marry a man of his position? The reason for Alice's objections was Algernon Squashead.

Algernon was a hard-working, ambitious young man. He had not the social and pecuniary standing of J. C., but he had his good points. He was an ardent suitor for Alice's hand, but Alice's father would not hear of it. He would not even allow Algy to visit Alice. Thus matters stood for a short while—a very short while.

One day after the very short while had elapsed, Algy was electrified to hear the announcement of the engagement between his sweetheart and de Colesenttle. But what could he do? He had no way of seeing Alice; so matters stood this way for a very short while again.

Now the day of the wedding had arrived. Alice was tearfully submitting to her fate. J. C. was in ecstasies of delight while Algernon had not been seen for a week. If one called at his rooming house, he would be informed that Algernon had not been home. At his place of business the same reply would have been forthcoming. What had happened? No one could tell.

In the afternoon, as Alice was being married, a remarkable thing occurred. The parson had got to the point where he asked: "Is there anyone who has any reason why these people should not be united in holy matrimony? If there is, let that man speak now, or forever after hold his peace." He had hardly uttered these words when the door was flung open and the youthful figure of Algernon appeared on the threshold.

"Stop!" he screamed.

His features were haggard, unkempt, his eyes were bloodshot, his clothes were soiled and torn. To all appearances, some terrible catastrophe had occurred.

"Stop!" he screamed again.

The parson gazed at him in surprise; then finally said, "My good man, what is the trouble?"

Algernon shouted, "I may be drunk, but I can lick any darn one of you here!"

FINIS

Author's Note: Ha ha! You were expecting a romance, weren't you?

E. S. Luther, '32

Vignette

It was either school or a job; so I got a job. It was slinging sodas at a drug store in Boston. If it hadn't been for the cashier, I should have liked the place. She was always bawling me out whether I'd done anything wrong or not. Honest, if I hadn't done something she could yell at me for, she'd *find* something for me to do!

I didn't know at first whether she had a right to kick me around, because the boss never said anything when he heard her. I never did like the boss. He was fat, with a greasy look about him. He was some sort of a Greek.

One of the other fellows there told me not to mind what the girl said. He said he never did. But she got on my nerves. She didn't even dress carefully. You can usually tell a woman's character by her shoes. Hers were almost always the same pair, terribly sloppy, with run-over heels and broken out toes. One day I just lifted up my hands and told her what I thought of her, and you can believe me it wasn't printable. When I got through, she just said, "Oi—e—e—e—e—!" in a high, squeaky voice. Ye Gods, what a girl!

By this time, I was sick and tired of the whole place, but I couldn't leave because I needed the money. They paid pretty well there, at any rate. Then one Saturday morning I took about four hundred dollars (not mine!) over to the bank and when I came back the police were just taking out a dozen or so cases of whiskey. And you can bet your last cent that I never saw a pleasanter sight than when I saw that cashier and the boss getting into the patrol wagon. They let me out of it and as anyone can see; I'm back here in school, right where I'm going to stay. And that's that!

M. Clark '30

The Question of the Moment

CHARACTERS

BETTY DALE, a self-satisfied, scheming girl of 21.

JIMMY BLAKE, a rich bachelor and a frequent visitor at the Dale home.

MRS. DALE, Betty's rather plain-spoken mother.

GINNIE DALE, Betty's 15-year old sister.

JACK DALE, a small brother of Betty's.

TIME: A warm spring afternoon.

PLACE: Scene I. The sitting room in the Dale home.

Scene II. The summer house on the Dale's estate.

ACT I

SCENE I

(The sitting room is equipped with the plainest of furniture. A few chairs, a sofa, a table and a lamp or two constitute about the whole of the furnishings.)

MRS. DALE: (Standing in doorway with hands on her hips gazing at Betty.) Well, for Heaven sakes, Betty Dale, will you tell me what all this dolling up is going on for?

BETTY: (Blushing.) Oh—er—nothing, Mother; but you know Jimmy is coming this afternoon. And, do you know, I think he wants to ask me to marry him, but he hasn't quite got the courage? If he says anything this afternoon, I shall help him all I can and maybe he will pop the question. Who knows?

MRS. DALE: Land sakes, if I'd had to help your father out, I guess I'd been an old maid. I don't know as I'd want to marry a man that hadn't spunk enough to ask me.

BETTY: Well, you know it's just because he's bashful. He's lived alone with that parrot so long he doesn't know how to act with human beings. Do help me and keep those kids out of the room. They always pop up at the wrong time.

MRS. DALE: Well, I hope you get him. I won't promise I can keep those children out, but I'll try. (Goes out, shaking head.)

SCENE II

(Betty and Jimmie are sitting in the sun-parlor talking. Jimmie seems quite confused.)

JIMMY: Betty, would you—er—mind—that is care—if I asked you to do something for me that would—er—ah—make me very happy?

BETTY: Why, of course not, Jimmy. What is it?

JIMMY: Oh, never mind. I guess it would be asking too much of you. I wouldn't want you to do something you didn't want to.

BETTY: Well, why don't you ask and see? I may not think the same as you.

JIMMY: No, you wouldn't want to do it for me.

BETTY: Oh, Jimmy, I might like to do it.

JIMMY: Honest, Betty? Well, then, here goes. Will you—

(Enters Jack on the run.)

BETTY: Oh, Jack, what is the matter now?

JACK: The matter? There's nothing the matter. Why, does it look it?

BETTY: Well, I didn't know I asked you to come in and keep us company. Run along now and get some fudge. I left a pan full in the icebox.

JACK: Oh, boy! Me for the fudge. So long.

(Exits Jack on the run.)

BETTY: Now, Jimmy, what is it we were talking about? Oh—yes—you were just going to ask me something. What was it now?

JIMMY: Oh, I've been thinking it over and I guess I shouldn't ask. It wouldn't be right for you.

BETTY: Oh, don't be so foolish. How can you tell before you ask?

(Aside.) It may come now.

JIMMY: It was only that—I was wondering if you minded—

(Enters Ginnie and slumps down in the first chair.)

GINNIE: Whew, is it hot? Well, I guess. Well, Miss Betty, why the long face? Have I done something to displease your highness?

BETTY: Who wouldn't be displeased having you children so ignorant. You don't know any better than to not interrupt. Now run along.

GINNIE: Run along? I shall do nothing of the sort. The very idea!

BETTY: (In despair.) Oh, please go and I'll let you wear my new dress any time you want to.

GINNIE: That will be tonight, tomorrow night, the next night, and the next. I must go and

put it in my room. I now bid you adieu.
(Makes mocking bow and slowly saunters out of the room.)

BETTY: Now, maybe you can ask me what you started to. What is it, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Well, you see I've got to go on a business trip for a couple of weeks.

BETTY: (Aside.) Oh, goodie, I'll bet he wants to get married and take me there on a honeymoon.

JIMMY: And I was wondering if you would mind taking care of my parrot while I'm gone. You're sure it's not asking too much of you? CURTAIN

Eleanor Dwyer '31

New and Old

Come on "Strike up the Band" and let's go! As you all know "I'm a Dreamer" and the other night I began "Crying for the Carolines." Don't you think they are just as "Lovable and Sweet" as possible? Then in my dream—nightmare if you wish—I began to "Button up my Overcoat" and start "Down South." How pleased I was when I saw "Piccolo Pete," "Annie Laurie," Grandma with her "Old Gray Bonnet," "Annabel Lee," "Robin Adair," and many others of my musical friends! Annie had decided she didn't want to "Turn on the Heat" any longer so she just "Packed up her Troubles" and boarded the train for her "Old Kentucky Home." A part of "That Old Gang of Mine" was going "Tenting Down in Tennessee" and had certainly planned for some "Happy Days." "Lest Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot" we began recalling memories of our younger days. Suddenly a rising young artist who had been dreaming he was "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine" told us we made too much noise. We retorted that if he did not like the sound he could go "Tiptoe through the Tulips." He realized that his "Fate was in Our Hands" and so kept his silence while we sang some of the good old songs. I realized that "Little by Little" we were "Merrily rolling along" to the station where some of the travellers were to change trains and I would be on my way "Down Among the Sugar Cane." The conductor then came through the train and said all those "Alabama Bound" should change at the next station. Then we all began singing "The End of a Perfect Day."

J. Hawes '30

Among the Seniors

Wouldn't It Be Queer If:
Phil were a Hinge instead of a Brackett?
Russell were a Plain instead of a Tower?
Andrewena were a Whistle instead of a Bell?
Evelyn were Soft instead of Loud?
Dick were a Teddybear instead of a Dorley?
Winnie were a Chase instead of a Hunt?
Frank were a Heel instead of a Soule?
Grace were Big instead of Little?
Karl were a Plumber instead of a Gardner?
Arthur were a Wreath instead of a Garland?
Mary were a Grocer instead of a Taylor?
Barbara were Gas instead of Cole?
Charlie were Late instead of Reidy?
Barbara were Smiles instead of Grieves?
Aubrey were a Birdy instead of a Posey?
Elsie were a Tree instead of a Stub?
Alden were a Shopkeeper instead of a Merchant?
Charles were German instead of French?
Bill were a Rug instead of a Curtin?
Isabelle were Mistletoe instead of Hawley?
Alice were an Ocean instead of a Poole?
Willard were a Priest instead of a Bishop?
Dorothy were a Thorn instead of a Bryer?
Jeannette were a Twister instead of a Turner?
Ruth were a Grass instead of a Reed?
Eleanor were to Sail instead of to Rowe?
Arnold were to Precinct instead of to Ward?

B. Libbey '30

The Wognog Sif

(Burma Girl)

On the shores of Gichegooney,
Where the Hiberhockers play,
There's a Wognog Sif a'waitin';
And I've often heard him say,
"Ichy nicker bullogg hooney,
Na fer higse, seeder ree."
An' I've wondered oft about it,
An' I know it's troublin' me.

Very soon I came upon an
Explanation of that stuff.
An' I'll tell you all about it,
Tho' the language's rather rough.
"Ichy nicker bullogg hooney" means
"I'm waitin', dear, fer thee."
"Na fer higse" means "I love ya'."
Just the same as "seeder ree."

Carol Seach '33

Budy Learns a Thing or Two

'Twas a balmy spring evening. Petunia Evans, a slender, dark-eyed miss of but eighteen summers, was anxiously strolling up and down the front hall, making sure to keep near the telephone in order that she, and not Buddy, her ten-year-old brother, could reach it first, should it chance to ring.

At this precise moment, her young brother entered the hall, whistling.

"Is that the phone?" cried Petunia, making a dive for that instrument, and vainly shouting "hello" several times into the transmitter. "I do wish you'd be a little more gentlemanly and stop whistling. I thought the phone rang. Oh dear, I'll bet he tried to get me while I was saying "Hello" and the operator told him the line was busy! Now get away from here *you!*" This to Buddy.

Buddy immediately started strolling up and down the hall behind his sister. Petunia ignored him and started re-arranging her hair (perhaps she thought he had a television apparatus on his telephone). All at once the telephone rang, and at the same time Mrs. Evans called Buddy. Petunia, having waited until Buddy was out of hearing, sweetly said "Hello."

"Hello," answered an all-too-familiar male voice. "This is Frank. Wotcha doing tonight?" Poor Petunia!! Her fate was sealed. Frank happened to be a neighbor of His and if she were to tell Frank she was busy tonight, he would probably tell Him. So, in a lifeless tone, she said, "Nothing."

"O. K." said Frank, "I'll be right over. S'long."

Buddy entered the hall, carrying his trumpet.

"Mom'n Pop've gone out," he said, or rather gurgled, for he had a mouth full of candy. "So the new boy-friend you're so stuck on is coming over, is he? Gee, I haven't met him. I s'pose he's as goofy-looking as all your other friends. Want me to help you entertain him?" he queried, with a wicked grin on his face.

Suddenly Petunia had an inspiration. It so happened that Buddy had met neither Frank nor *Him*. Why couldn't she—? "You little pest you! Don't you dare show your face!" she cried.

Buddy rushed to the kitchen for some cake, and the doorbell rang. Petunia went to let Frank in.

The two, supposedly enamored of each other, entered the living-room, Buddy following. Petunia put a new record on the Victrola. Here Buddy interrupted the proceedings. "Sorry, Sis," he said, "but I simply *must* do my practising now." Whereupon he turned off the Victrola and started madly blowing his trumpet. Petunia kept beseeching him to leave, a fact which made him the more determined to stay.

After fifteen minutes of loud noises issuing from the trumpet, poor Frank began to have a headache. Another quarter of an hour followed, during which Buddy had been blowing nearer and blowing more loudly, Frank gave up all attempt at conversation. (This was unusual for the egotistical, talkative Frank.) Petunia, with an ugly glance at Buddy, suggested that she and Frank play double solitaire. But Buddy had now decided to play with his dog, a huge Airedale. Soon the table was shaking so that the cards were falling all over the floor.

As a last resort, Frank suggested that Petunia and he go out on the porch. Petunia ordered Buddy to stay inside; upon which he promptly followed them out.

Finally, after a half-hour during which Buddy entertained them by singing at the top of his voice, Frank left in despair.

By this time Buddy had begun to feel ashamed and scared, and had started to sneak upstairs. But Petunia was too quick for him. She grabbed him and planted a kiss on his left eye.

"What the heck!" cried Buddy, pulling away.

"O Buddy, you little peach! That wasn't *He!*" That was Frank Smith, the worst pest in town. Here, here's a quarter; now go to bed."

Buddy, thoroughly humiliated for the first time in his short life, started to refuse the money, but on second thought, he grabbed it and stole quietly upstairs.

He had discovered, to his immense surprise, that his sister actually had a few brains.

B. Grieves '30

Compliments of

T. J. KELLY

782 Broad St. E. Weymouth

Longing

I hold a beautiful sea-shell
Close to my listening ear,
And out of its depth of whiteness
Mysterious music I hear.

A faint sweet song of longing
For its far off ocean home,
The music of all the waters,
The roar of the wild sea-foam.

We journey to realms of beauty,
Through flower-strewn paths we roam,
And yet, like the moaning sea-shell,
We long for the isles of home.

Pauline Frazier
Junior High
Grade 8

The Snow Storm

My brother Billy, who is in the sixth grade, had, for home work, to write a poem on a snow storm or just about snow. This was his attempt:

From the cabin door she poked her noze
Right into the northern winter snoze,
And then, be-gosh, her noze it froze.
Believe it or not. But just suppoze
'Twas your noze that froze
In the winter snoze,
I bet, by Joze,
Your blood would roze,
From out your toze
Right up your hoze,
To tickle your noze,
And make you bloze
The noze that froze.

Carol Seach

Good-Bye

If you do not like your high school
Or the way in which it's run;
If you do not like its pupils,
Its teachers or its fun;
If you do not like the subjects
That your Weymouth High School holds;
There are cars and buses leaving
For a hundred other goals.

If you cannot boost your high school,
Where men star and fail each day;
If you cannot use advantages
That forever come your way;
If you cannot join in boosting;
Then you must have knocking roles.
And they're selling tickets daily
For a hundred other goals.

Barbara Libbey '30

Sing a Song of Sailors

Sing a song of sailors,
An ocean full of sea;
And 'tis a salty sailor
That I should like to be.

And then I'd buy me one great ship,
With tall masts and a spar;
And I'd steer alone, for my only guide
Would be the great North Star.

I'd paint her mighty bulk with red,
I'd paint her masts with white—
With many a fearful wave she'd clash,
And triumph in the fight.

I'd often loiter on the deck,
I'd watch the changing sea,
I'd flirt with all the mermaids
Who came to talk to me.

And, oh, there's many a thing I'd do
A sailing on the deep;
But girls are not allowed at sea,
And it almost makes me weep.

Carol Seach '33

Spring

When the birds begin to sing,
We all know it's a sign of spring,
And the grass is growing green
After winter's quiet dream.

Trees that seemed so tired of life
Again have leaves of color bright.
Flowers, too, begin to sprout,
Blossoms fragrant budding out.

All the birds so busy seem,
Building nests that can't be seen,
Some in trees, some on the ground,
Making sure they're safe and sound.

Days are longer, warm and bright,
So we all can have delight.
Swimming, baseball—games for all—
Make us young at Springtime's call.

E. McFaun '31

The Awakening of Geraldine

Geraldine Beaupree felt rotten. She hadn't the faintest idea concerning what ailed her. Now as her slim modish figure wended its way from De Kalb Avenue to Willoughby Avenue, where she taught Grade III in the Abraham Lincoln school, she reflected miserably that she wished she were dead. Hers was an unusual frame of mind for such a morning. Nature was in one of her "airy fairy Lilian" moods. There was a breeze and everything fluttered. The men held down their new spring hats with firm thumb and forefinger and the gentler sex exercised a no less careful regard over their flighty skirts, which had a way of succumbing coyly to every playful breeze. It was spring, that season of irresponsibility—spring, when Cupid shoots blindfolded, millionaires marry stenographers, wise professors woo white-aproned gum chewers behind quick-lunch counters, schoolma'ms make big bad boys remain after school, lads with ladders steal lightly over lawns where Juliet waits in her trellissed window with her telescope packed, young couples out for a stroll come home married, old chaps put on white spats and promenade near the Normal School, and —well, anyway, you get my meaning. It was spring

Geraldine saw none of the tender warnings of a beautiful summer-time. She walked slowly, head bent in thought.

What's the matter with me? she thought desperately. Why don't I have a good time, have dates, and—well, what is wrong with me? She caught herself up then, walked more briskly, cataloguing her assets in her mind as she went along. An old game with Geraldine. Good hair, good teeth, good eyes. Oh, what was the use? Good was all very well, but—oh, there was something wrong. Geraldine moaned to herself as she crossed the street at the policeman's signal.

What Geraldine did not know and what unfortunately no one had ever told her was that her hair was that uncommon color called russet, and, being curly, was a godsend to its possessor. Her eyes were really striking, being very large deep black, fringed by short, thick, brown eyelashes. And the reason for her singular loneliness was due entirely to herself. Her associates saw in Miss Beaupree a sensible young woman of exceptional ability and marked aversion to frivolity. She dressed habitually in browns and blacks of the darker shade and was conspicuous for her lack of makeup. Which was just what Geraldine Beaupree intended them to see. She would have died rather than let it be known that she, Geraldine Beaupree, was sick with a longing to be like other girls, abhorred and loathed the idea of being an old maid and wanted desperately someone to call her Jerry. Nobody except her own family had ever called her Jerry.

There were steps hurrying along behind Geraldine now.

"O Miss Beaupree, just a moment please!" And Geraldine, jolted rudely out of her hectic and bitter thoughts, turned slowly to face Miss Simmons, principal of the Abraham Lincoln School. Her face was a mask, a cool, indifferent, questioning mask. Of the revolt and wretchedness seething in her brain there was no indication. Miss Simmons sensed nothing amiss.

"I thought I would tell you, Miss Beaupree, you have been chosen to represent the school at the annual lecture. You know, of course, what your duties will be. I must say I think it is an admirable choice. You are so sensible, Miss Beaupree! The guest of honor will be that delightful writer, Guy Delaine, and they do say he is quite temperamental. But, oh, if you could win the speaker's prize for the school, Miss Beaupree—

"I'll do my best, naturally," cut in Geraldine resentfully.

"I'm sure you will," returned Miss Simmons sweetly. "And, Miss Beaupree," as Geraldine was moving away, "I forgot to tell you it's a very dressy occasion. You won't mind primping a bit, will you?"

Geraldine replied in the negative, but asked herself, "Now what the devil did she mean by that?" For you must know Geraldine wasn't given to dressing up.

Miss Simmons hurried on and Geraldine followed with lagging steps. So engrossed in thought was she that, hearing her name called softly, she jumped and swung around hastily, even angrily. A long, low, powerful roadster was drawn up to the curb and from the seat a huge young man smiled at her engagingly.

He was darkly tanned and his teeth shone, firm and white. He patted the seat beside him invitingly.

"I didn't mean to startle you, Miss Beaupree. I merely thought I'd give you a lift to the school."

"No thank you," said Geraldine frigidly. "I wouldn't trouble you."

"No trouble," he returned pleasantly and waited.

"Really," she stumbled uncertainly, "it's very kind of you, but . . . I'm almost there, and it's such a beautiful day—I—I—" For the life of her she couldn't move. She stood there with burning cheeks feeling his dark eyes intent upon her. She, Geraldine Beaupree, tongue-tied before a stranger. And such a stranger! "You mean you'd rather walk?" he laughed, "Well, sorry to have troubled you. Good morning!"

All the morning Geraldine puzzled over the mystery. How did it happen he knew her name, and that she taught school? Oh, well, what did it matter? The "Question-box" occupied most of her attention. Timmie Devons refused to accept anything as logical unless he knew the reason why. Geraldine mentioned among other things that Washington was an honest man and Timmie immediately disagreed.

"Yeah," he said, "I s'pose that's why they close the banks on his birthday?" And he flatly refused to sanction the roundness of the earth.

"If the earth were round, the Chinamen's pigtails would stand up straight instead of lying down flat."

At half past four Geraldine put on her plain black coat and drew a close black hat down over her russet curls. As she stopped to straighten out the books on her desk, voices came to her clearly. They belonged to Miss Brady, the second grade teacher and to Miss Simmons, the principal.

"Yes, I told her this morning," came Miss Simmons's voice. "Actually she seemed insulted when I warned her it was to be a dressy affair."

"She certainly is unique," responded Miss Brady, "in that she is good-looking and doesn't know it. Honestly, Miss Simmons, if I had her looks—of course she needs a haircut! —I'd wear green and blue and never look a gift horse in the mouth."

"Why, Miss Brady," came Miss Simmons's voice again, fainter now, "I had no idea you —" And Geraldine heard the heavy outer door slam. She stood as if turned to stone for a time. Her eyes kindled with determination. She'd show 'em.

That night she studied her newly-bobbed hair in the mirror. Yes, it really made a difference. While it was beautiful before, it was enchanting now. It curled above her ears and broke out into stubborn ringlets at the nape of her neck.

She tried on one gown after another and studied the effect critically. Her heart sang within her. She was not merely beautiful—she looked positively dangerous. And with the knowledge that she was fair to look upon something came to Geraldine—a poise, a diablerie she had before, but could not use. Not vacuousness! Geraldine was too serious for that.

Because Geraldine was "so sensible," she chose for the evening of the lecture a slinky, black, tight-fitting gown with two little forks in the back. In it she looked as coy as Lillian Gish and as forward as Peggy Hopkins Joyce. The dress was daring, to be sure, but Geraldine's eyes gave her away. They were wide and deep and frightened. But her copper curls glowed a warmer bronze above the black frock and she carried herself with a bravado she was far from feeling. Once, when she overheard the principal's wife nudge another woman with the words, "Who *is* that exquisite things?" her blush was irrepressible, vivid, and startling. Blushing was a thing of the past. But, on the whole, the early evening was not a success. Geraldine made a clever little speech. The women studied the gown with undisguised envy and the men wondered if they hadn't overlooked a bet after all. At nine-thirty the guest of honor had not arrived. Geraldine, mixing punch, was feeling disgruntled and very much let down. Her anger found expression in a burst of resentment against the missing guest of honor. Such nerve! A gathering of influential people assembled to do him honor, and he failed to put in an appearance even. This was being temperamental with a vengeance. Geraldine rattled the glasses furiously. Miss Simmons happened along.

"You made a splendid impression, my dear," she told Geraldine. "Of course, your gown helped. Mr. Delaine probably was too busy unpacking to lighten our dull evening. He's just returned from the Orient, you know. How old is he? Why, what a question, my dear! Of course, I've never met him, but they say—why, there he is. He's looking over this way too." She hurried off, leaving Geraldine staring across the length of the lecture hall into the dark eyes of the young man of the roadster. Geraldine tried to look away, but he held her gaze intently. Then, as Miss Simmons bustled up importantly, he turned away carelessly. Geraldine's cheeks burned. So that was Guy Delaine. He wrote like a combination of Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis. And he was young. Geraldine went on mixing punch. She felt of a sudden old and weary. She wished Miss Simmons would finish her introduction and give her a chance to make her excuses. She wanted to go home and sleep. She certainly had no intention of speaking to Guy Delaine. But how had he known her name? Too late she looked up.

"Miss Beaupree," purred Miss Simmons, "allow me to present Mr. Delaine. Mr. Delaine, this is Geraldine Beaupree, one of our most promising teachers."

Before he could speak, Geraldine Beaupree said quickly, coolly, "How do you do, Mr.—Delaine." Her hesitation on his name was the height of impertinence. But he was everything she'd always longed to be. Famous, sought after, charming, and indifferent to it all. She hurried on, "Miss Simmons, I'll say good night now! I've had a lovely time! I—" she broke off. Why did he keep staring at her so? How could Geraldine know the picture she made? Her immense eyes dark and stormy, her curls glinting fire under the electric light!

"Miss Beaupree," said Miss Simmons, "did you bring an umbrella or a storm coat? You know, it's simply pouring."

The he spoke, pleasantly and matter of factly, "Miss Beaupree is going along with me! She can't walk on a night like this!" And to Geraldine, "How about it?"

Geraldine opened her lips for some scathing retort. But under his close regard her mouth closed, her heart beat heavily, crazily, and the pink in her cheeks burned a deeper rose. She followed him docilely out the door after he'd helped her on with her coat. Outside in the street the rain fell heavily, vengefully, and the water was inches high. So Mr. Delaine kindly carried Miss Beaupree out to his waiting car. She was speechless.

"I knew your name," he volunteered when they were on their way, "for the simple reason that I took pains to find out." Geraldine said nothing.

"And I know where you live because I—well, you see I intended to call on you; so I looked you up." When the car drew up and came to rest outside Geraldine's conservative boarding-house, Mr. Delaine observed that here, too, the streets were wet, and once more assisted Geraldine accordingly. He sat her down gently and looked down at her. His eyes were tender. Geraldine held out her hand.

"Well, good-night," she said demurely. "And thank you for the buggy ride!"

"Let me see," he said. "Tomorrow is Sunday. What are you going to do?"

"Why, I—I—haven't—" began Geraldine hastily.

"Good!" said Guy Delaine. "What do you say we do it together?" Suddenly Geraldine felt ridiculously young and light-hearted and foolish. She giggled and grinned charmingly. Such nerve!

"It's O. K. with me!" said Geraldine.

Half an hour later, curled up in bed, she read the evening paper. Conditions in India were reaching a climax and Mussolini was intolerant of the weaknesses of others. You need no longer be told you have an expensive foot if you visit the Enna Jettick Shoe Shop. Guy Delaine, the writer, was leaving on Monday for China. Mr. Delaine had only just returned from a tour in the Orient, but was returning upon special business. Geraldine felt angry and hurt. Naturally, he had no intention of spending his last day with her. Her gullibility must have been amusing.

When her landlady knocked at her door and informed her plaintively that there was a young man downstairs who insisted on seeing Miss Beaupree, Geraldine felt annoyed and guilty and excited. Suppose it was! But, no, it couldn't be. Geraldine's heart sank.

She slipped her feet into bedroom slippers and her pajama-clad self into a bathrobe, an old relic of her brother's, much too large and the worse for wear. But the upstanding color brought out the boyish line of her clipped head and the thinness of wistful little face. And her

russet curls fairly flamed against the dark color of the old robe. But a drug store clerk could have no eye for a dingy, old bathrobe. Geraldine had told Joe from around the corner to bring her some aspirin tablets. Her head ached so violently of nights!

She ran down the stairs and opened the door into the vestibule. She tripped, she who had lived there five years without tripping, and fell headlong onto a dark form which rose from a chair. Geraldine felt the softness and thickness of fur under her cheek. The arms which held her were hard and firm, the agreeable odor of pipe tobacco was strong in her nostrils, and she knew it was not Joe. But—

"Did you get it, Joe?" she inquired laughingly. Guy Delaine released her abruptly. "Lord, child, but you're thin!"

"You!" cried Geraldine. "You must excuse me—I thought you were—" She broke off and shivered. It was cold in that vestibule. He drew nearer to her, and tilting up her chin, he fastened the top button on the bathrobe.

"Joe must be a privileged character to warrant such dishabille," he declared mournfully. Geraldine laughed.

"Did you want to see me for anything?" she asked.

"You left your pocketbook in my car," he explained gravely. "How do I know that it doesn't contain your last nickel? There is something else too. But I'll tell you that tomorrow."

"But do you really feel," faltered Geraldine, "that you can spend your last day with me?"

"I'm going to spend all my days with you if things pan out right," said Guy Delaine.

So now we know what the proposition was.

Elsie Stubb '30

Mrs. Barnard: We're going to gallop through the book.

E. Bernier: Is that the one about Hades?

Mrs. Barnard: No, you can't gallop through Hades.

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French Club

At the first meeting of the French Club the following officers were chosen:

President: Edwin Thomas
Vice-President: Stanley Johnson
Secretary: Mary Di Lorenzo
Treasurer: Barbara Libbey

In the course of the year Phyllis Clark was elected Vice-President, because of the resignation of Stanley Johnson.

The entertainment committee was changed every two months, to give everybody a chance to be on it.

The members of "Le Cercle Française" were:

Phyllis Clark	Leonard Bryant
Josephine Caruso	Marie Conroy
Patricia Fuller	Mary DiLorenzo
Filomena Amoroso	Barbara Libbey
Alice Olsen	Iona Seach
Edwin Thomas	Dorothy Pearson

Hazel Smith

The club met on the second Thursday of each month, and enjoyed a programme consisting of songs, games, and specialties.

German Club

The German Club, under Miss Humphrey and Miss Jefts, started November 20.

The following officers were elected:

President: Karl Gardner
Vice-President: William Washburn
Secretary: Mary Di Lorenzo
Treasurer: Jessie Squeglia

Meetings were held on the first Wednesday of the month. Russell Denbroeder and Edwin Thomas were elected chairmen of the entertainment, serving on alternate meetings. The programme consisted of games and music.

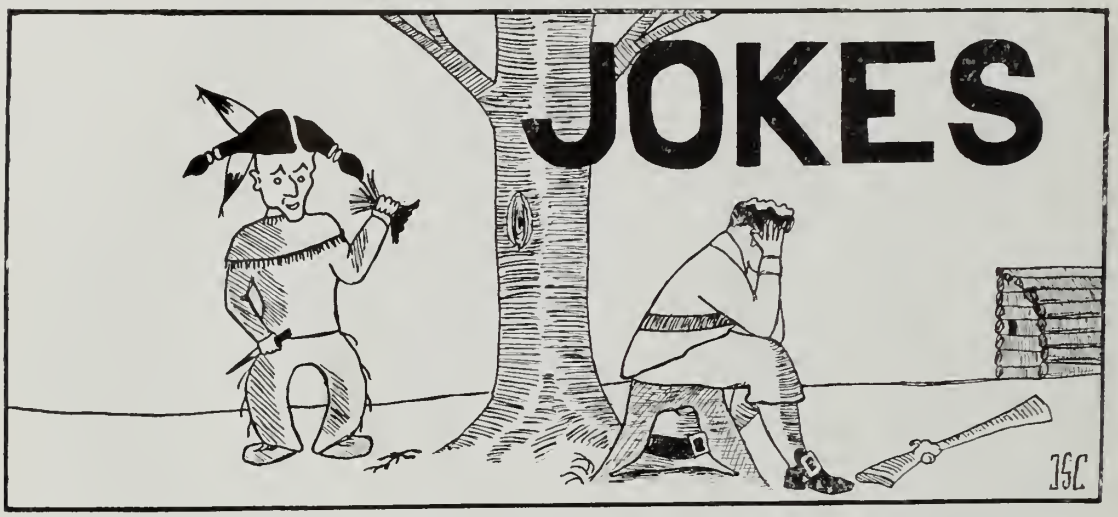
The members were:

Charles Blackwell	Phillip Brackett
Georgiana Crawford	Russell Denbroeder
Paul Driscoll	Mary DiLorenzo
Edward Foley	Karl Gardner
Louis Lilla	Alden Merchant
Aubrey Posey	Jessie Squeglia
Mary Taylor	Edwin Thomas
Wilbur Tirrell	Joseph Tobin
Russell Tower	William Washburn

THE CRYSTAL BALL

Flannelmouth already had his famous Ball packed up and ready for cold storage when these questions came in, but the Business Manager and the Editor (no less!) finally persuaded him to take it out and get the answers ready in time for press. Since Admiral Byrd has left Antarctica without a President, Flannelmouth has been itching to get down there and fill his shoes while he is gone. (They wear the same size!) This trip will cool him down a little so that he will be quite fresh for the coming year.

1. Dear Flannelmouth,
   I am considering taking a job at a laundry this summer. Do you think I am adapted for this work?
   W. T.
   No. You're too much of a nut to be a washer; but you'd sure be a ringer as an auto-mechanic's assistant.
2. Dear Flannelmouth,
   The packing companies claim to use all of a pig but the squeak. Has the squeak any value?
   Anna Kiley
   Certainly. Henry Ford now pays Swift and Co. a royalty on it.
3. Dear Flannelmouth,
   I hear that D. P. and I. S. are planning to learn to drive an auto this summer. Could you tell me where they intend to do this?
   Leonard Bryant
   Texas. I think Weymouth is too narrow.
4. Dear Flannelmouth,
   At the Senior Dance I heard a girl boast that her mother knew a French Makiss. What is that?
   Mary Taylor
   It is the osculation given a boy by his mother after he has been punished for taking French leave from W. H. S.
5. Dearest Flannelmouth,
   After school is over I wish to study to be a diva. Which conservatory of music would you advise for this study?
   Althea Smith
   None. Take a course in the South Boston Aquarium.
6. Dear Flannelmouth,
   I wish to continue my chemistry education along lines I am told I am peculiarly adept at. Where should I go for further training?
   Ed Thomas
   You should be sent to Bradley's.
7. Dear Flannelmouth,
   Does a man's soul depart as soon as he dies?
   Ruth Reed
   We took this up with no less an authority than Frank Jones, one of our sole experts. He says that the dying is done before the soles depart from the cutting machines.
8. Dear Flannelmouth,
   I hear college boys are wearing shorts next year. Are shorts now required for college entrance?
   Karl Gardner
   Only in Scotch Universities.
9. Dear Flannelmouth,
   At the Battle of Bannockburn all the Scotch were kilted. Where can I find the English losses?
   Ruth Ogren
   I should consult Hitchcock's Junior English Book.
10. Dear Flannelmouth,
    Who really won the war?
    Carrie Randall
    No one won the war. It was ended before our class graduated.



Dumb: Do you think Prof. Kidder meant anything by it?

Ditto: By what?

Dumb: He advertised a lecture on "Fools." I bought a ticket and it said "Admit One."

Mr. Brown: My wife throws a fit every time I come home late.

Mr. Parker: Well, that's a lot better than a skillet.

I. J. Seach: There's one thing about your sister Elsie; she's outspoken.

Edna Stubb: Not by anyone I know.

"Something is preying on her mind."

"Don't worry; it Will die of starvation."

What is a financier?

Something you get when you become engaged.

How would you explain an extemporaneous talk?

Spontaneous combustion.

Riley: So you think I'm a perfect idiot?

Ed Thomas: Oh, no, none of us are perfect.

Husband: If a man steals—no matter what—he will live to regret it.

Wife (sweetly): You used to steal kisses from me before we were married.

Husband: Well, you heard what I said.

B. Libbey: Do you need any shoes?

J. Hawes: No.

B. Libbey: Neither do I. Let's go into this shoe store and rest while they try some on us.

Barb Grieves: Was Ann in a bright red frock at the dance last night?

Andy Abbott: Some of her, darling, some of her.

M. Belcher: How dare you swear before me?

Barker: Go ahead, I didn't know you wanted to swear first.

Nelson: Karl, are you a model youth?

Gardner: Sure.

Nelson: Well, you know what model is. It's an imitation of the real thing.

Teacher: An anonymous person is one who does not want to be known. Who's talking in the back of the room?

Voice: An anonymous person, teacher.

Mother: I thought you said your room was spotless!

Johnny: Yes'm. Not a clean spot in it.

One: I'm thirsty and I want a drink.

Two: Drink milk—it's good for the blood.

One: Yeah, but I ain't bloodthirsty.

"Her father keeps a saloon."

"Is her family as old as that?"

Lady: Did the lion ever bite you?
Keeper: Yes, but he got well again.

Did you ever stop to think what might have happened to American history if the British soldiers at Bunker Hill had had bloodshot eyes?

A 300-pound man stood gazing longingly at the enticing display in a haberdasher's window. A friend stopped to inquire if he was thinking of buying the marked-down lavender silk shirt.

"Gosh, no," replied the fat man wistfully. "The only thing that fits me ready-made is a handkerchief."

Dictionary (Funk & Wagnalls)—A bit plotless, but splendid vocabulary.

Nursery Rhymes (Mother Goose)—Clever characterization. Plenty of action.

Census Reports (Government) — Decided realism. Perhaps a trifle too "racy."

Telephone Directory (Bell) — Characters tend to obscure the action. Setting local.

Congressional Record (U. S. Legislators)—Speeches too long. Much superfluous verbiage

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Flim: Why this stuff isn't poetry. It's just escape of gas.

Flam: Then there must be something wrong with the meter.

What the girls of W. H. S. need are Coolidge stockings—that do not choose to run.

An old colored man was burning grass when a "wise guy" stopped and said: "You're foolish to do that, Uncle Eb; it will make the meadow as black as you are."

"Don't worry 'bout dat, sah," responded Uncle Eb. "Dat grass will grow out an' be as green as you is."

"I'm going home."
"Why?"
"I live there."

Pupil: What is an iceberg, Mr. Griffin?
Mr. Griffin: It's a kind of permanent wave.

Cop: I'm afraid I shall have to take you in charge. Do you know that you've walked around that monument seventy-five times?

Intoxicated: Well, I mush do it, you know, old fellow; I'm a Rotarian.

Bill: I hear you rode on a cowcatcher of a locomotive once. Were you scared?

Henry: I'll say I was. I didn't know what minute I might be hit by an automobile.

Advertising for a slogan, a company which manufactures soaps and perfumes got this: "If you don't use our soaps, for heaven's sake use our perfumes."

If merger movements continue, we'll soon have colleges consolidating to get better football teams.

Cop: Here, you've been speeding.

Inebriate: Honest, officer, I have been sitting here right in the front seat of this car all afternoon.

Our heart goes out to the New Yorker who pondered the census taker's question concerning his marital status, and answered: "Precarious."

We supposed that those Washington correspondents call it a heated debate because they are too polite to say half-baked.

He (at 11 P. M.): Did you know I could imitate any bird you can name?

She: No, I didn't. Can you imitate a homing pigeon?

Bandits recently hounded a jazz musician out of Chicago. That city seems to have begun to reform at last.

No product in the world has as great a turnover as chewing-gum.

"He calls himself a human dynamo."

"No wonder. Everything he has on is charged."

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Factory, South Weymouth

DONOVAN DRUG CO.
"The Service Stores"

WEYMOUTH - HINGHAM
COHASSET

We Specialize In
Prescription Work

A joke is said to pass around the world in sixty days. The trouble is that it doesn't know when to stop.

Nitt: "Where'll we eat?"
Witt: "Let's eat up the street."
Nitt: Naw, I don't like asphalt."

Orthodox Jewish father to son prominent in college football: "What's this I hear about you bringing home the bacon?"

Advice to our public speaking classes: Stand up, speak up, shut up.

Headline in newspaper: Woman Found Sane, Must Die.

Telephone
Res. Braintree 1539 W
Office Wey. 0217

W. D. AITKEN JR.
Plumbing & Heating
15 Front Street, Washington Square
STANDARD PLUMBING FIXTURES
H. B. SMITH HEATERS
RICHARDSON & BOYTON FURNACES
NO KOL OIL BURNERS
SHEET METAL WORK

Compliments of

The KATHRYN DONNELLY BEAUTY SHOP

Washington Square Weymouth

With Best Wishes for the Success of the

Class of 1930

Lebbossiere's of course

East Weymouth's Leading Drug Store

Biddy Wants a Collector

A certain enterprising poultryman has crossed his hens with parrots to save time. He used to hunt around for the eggs, but now the hens walk up to him and say, "Hank, I just laid an egg. Go get it."

Ahem!

Caller: Does your husband object to cats?

Hostess: Yes, he says I feed all the cats in the neighborhood. Won't you stay and have a cup of tea?

Teacher: "Another book by the same author is the 'The Silent Woman'."

Pupil (aside): "I never heard of one."

J. H. Murray Hdwe. Co., Inc.

F. Wayland Preston, Treas.

Bay State Paints

Builders' Hardware

809 Broad St. E. Weymouth

CHAS. F. BROWN

Meats, Provisions and Fish

I want to get your business,
And you bet I realize
It pays to sell good things to eat.
That's the way I advertise.

South Weymouth, Mass.

Tels. Wey. 1690-1691

LOOKING FORWARD

No good can be accomplished by worrying over the discouragements of the past.

Your big ambition should be the making of a brighter future.

By making deposits regularly in an account at this bank, you will go a long way toward realizing this ambition.

Last eleven dividends at five per cent.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH SAVINGS BANK
SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

OAKLAND
PONTIAC

Sales and Service

THORP'S GARAGE

866 WASHINGTON STREET

The only authorized Oakland - Pontiac Sales and Service Dealer in the Weymouths

Tel. Wey. 0510

"What have you there?"
"Some insect power."
"Good heavens! You aren't going to commit suicide, are you?"

A correspondent assures us that the following notice has been posted around an electric station:
"Beware! To touch these wires is instant death. Any one found doing so will be prosecuted."

Jones: "At least I can't call you two-faced."
Smith: "Why not?"
Jones: "You wouldn't use that one if you had another."

The Bee's Candy Shoppe

Home Made Candies

Lunch Ice Cream

BROAD ST., EAST WEYMOUTH

Chas. E. Merchant

Dealer in

Cigars, Candy, Fruits, Ice Cream, Soft Drinks

Jackson Sq. East Weymouth

Charles C. Hearn

Registered Pharmacist

Right Goods at Right Prices
The Store of Satisfaction

Drop in and see our Remodeled Store and Soda Fountain

313 BRIDGE ST., NO. WEYMOUTH

Boy to man waiting for street car: "Hey, mister, the car has gone by."

Man "How do you know?"

Boy "Well, there are the tracks."

Old Way: "May I have the pleasure of this next dance wth you?"

New Way: "May I borrow your frame for the next struggle?"

Reidy: Gee, I didn't know trucks grew on trees!

Smith: Sure! Why, my uncle has a truck farm.

Compliments of

Mrs. A. C. Spear

Dry Goods

806 Broad St. East Weymouth

Weymouth Beef Company

Provisions, Groceries and Fish

Tel. 1394 15 Washington Sq.

Wey mouth, Mass.

Sakin Bros. Prop. Free Delivery

Compliments of

M. B. Burrell

Commercial Sq. East Weymouth

H. A. ABBOTT

Hardware, Paints and Varnishes
Glass and Kitchen Utensils

26 SEA STREET
NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

L. HENRY GODIN

Meats, Groceries, Vegetables and Fruit

804 Broad St., East Weymouth

Telephone Weymouth 1183

Stowell Bros.

Fancy and Staple Groceries

Main Street
South Weymouth, Mass.

Tel. Wey. 0088

Village Barber

Matt O'Dowd

1883

Columbian Sq. So. Weymouth

Eldridge Nash Drug Co.

William B. Nash Jr.,
Registered Manager

Columbian Sq. So. Weymouth

They who laugh last don't see the joke in the first place.

Latin Teacher: How shall I say, "I ought to be loved by the pupils."
Pupil: Put it in the subjunctive (contrary to fact).

Teacher: Name three articles containing starch.
Pupil: Two cuffs and a collar.

In the geometry classes the favorite letters are no longer A, B, C, D, but G, O, S, H.

Compliments of the

South Weymouth Co-operative Bank

Blackie the Barber

Columbian Sq., So. Weymouth

Two Barbers *No Waiting*

Blue Line Kitchen

Orders taken for Home Cooked Food

Regular Meals Served

Tel. Wey. 1536

Nash's Corner So. Weymouth

Jesseman's Hardware Store

Columbian Sq. So. Weymouth

A. B. Bennett, *Proprietor*

Compliments of

REIDY'S PHARMACY

Jackson Square East Weymouth

Where they do their best to please.

"Take a chance. You can get hit by a train only once."
And darned if we don't think he is about right!

Room 114 is noted for its Brown studies.

Mr. O'Donnell: Now we *must* cover some ground this period.
I. Seach: (gazing out at the first snowstorm) It's already covered, *sir.*

Tim: I wish I could see a flock of geese to shoot at with my BB.
Tam: "They'd have to be awful young geese for you to hit one—almost eggs.

Static
"Is your car noisy in the rear?"
"Only when my wife is in it."

Mr. Whittle (Physics IVA3): What answer did you get for the water pressure on the dam?
Tower: I haven't done the dam problem yet.

Compliments of

Geo. M. Hoyt, Ph.G.

Pharmacist

775 Broad St. E. Weymouth

EUGENE SCIOSCIA

HIGH GRADE
LADIES' & GENTS' CUSTOM TAILOR
CLEANING, DYEING, PRESSING, REPAIRING

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TEL. WEYMOUTH 1134-W

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Jeweler and Watchmaker

71 Washington Street, Weymouth

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Watchmaker and Jeweler

Expert Repairing

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Opposite Electric Light Office
East Weymouth Massachusetts

Ye brown jug

Tonic Candy

ICE CREAM

Cigars Cigarettes

334 Bridge St., North Weymouth

"Say It With Flowers"

SPEAR'S FLOWER SHOP

EAST WEYMOUTH

Fresh Cut Flowers .·. Floral Designs .·. Potted Plants

Flowers Telegraphed Anywhere Tel. Wey. 0049

Mr. Stewart: What is the approximate value of π (pi)?
Luther: Five cents.

Latin (translating): "The birds flying through the liquid air alighted on a tree."

In Latin Class.
Teacher: What is above Italy?
Cute Froshie: The sky.

Nine-tenths of Mrs. White's English IV A2 think that you fish off the Grand Banks with a hickory rod, a bent pin, and a basket of lunch.

In English Class.
Teacher: "What preparation did Sir Launfal make before setting out on his quest?"
Pupil: "He called for his mail.

Wanted: Reserved seats in the library for youthful swains who wait for their lady friends.

Why doesn't the cooking class give the teachers some of its dainties? We'd all like a holiday.

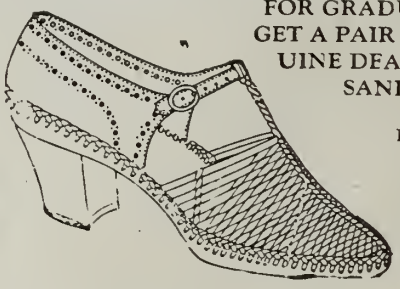
Stuttering Senior (translating Virgil): "Three times I tried to put my arms around his neck—and that was as far as I got."

FERGUSON'S

Fish and Chips

Orders to Take Out

18 Washington Street, Wey. 0972-W



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BLACK and WHITE SPORT SHOES FOR THE YOUNG MEN

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Fine Shoe Repairing

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NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

DAY DIVISION

EVENING DIVISION